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AUGUST 1968 PDC 50¢

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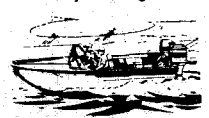

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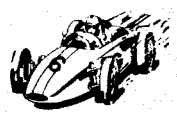

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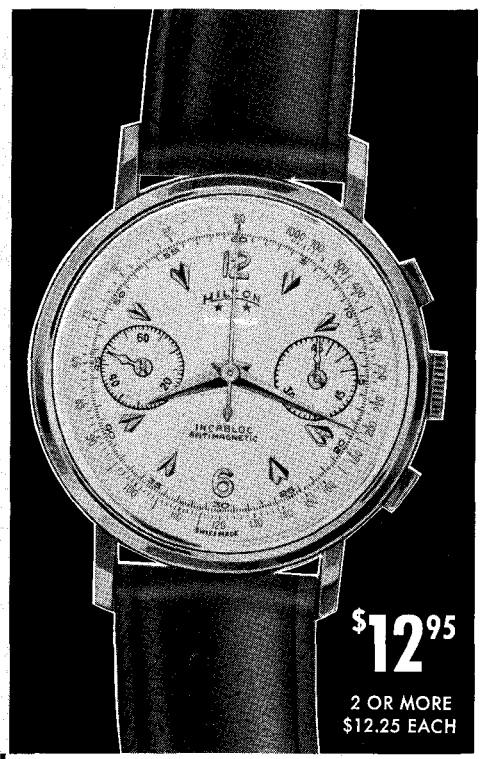

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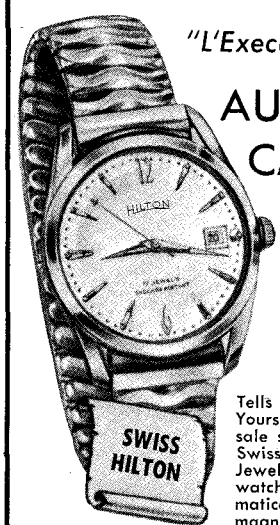

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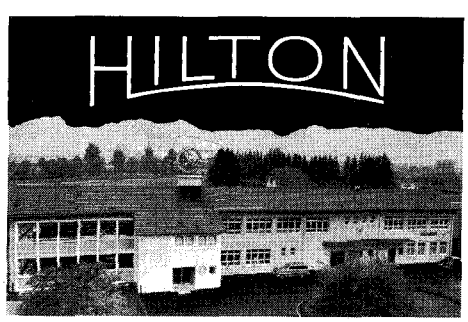

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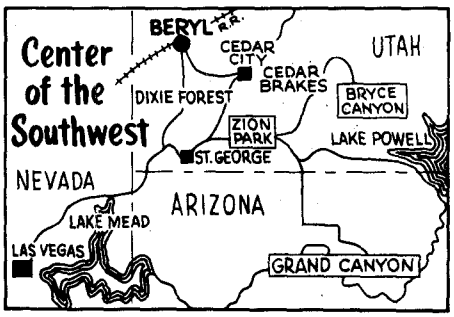

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THE BOOM IS ON in Utah's Iron County, as the population explodes westward in search of open space and clean air. One-up-on-the-public investors are scooping up previously unavailable big ranch land in this vacation paradise – at ground-floor prices. Here is factual proof that the "smart money" is buying land in this area: billionaire Howard Hughes just purchased thousands of *nearby* Nevada acres, and several Las Vegas hotels. Nevada *borders on Iron County, and is booming.* It may be Iron County's turn – and your turn – next.

NOW, THE GOLDEN WEST IS YOURS.

How many times have you seen a western movie and yearned for those endless spaces, soaring peaks, majestic pine forests, bubbling mountain streams? A place where every outdoor sport is at your doorstep? Perhaps you considered such a "get-away-from-it-all" world only a dream. *But now it can be a practical, profitable reality in booming Iron County.* The giant corporations, responsible for the stockholders' millions, have confidence in the Utah boom. Each year, more than $100,000,000.00 is spent for building construction in Utah. The mammoth Utah Construction Company built a $1,300,000.00 plant in Iron County. The late Henry Kaiser of Kaiser Steel invested huge sums in mining near Beryl. Utah is the 7th fastest-growing state; every two years the number of homes actually *doubles!*

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CLOSE TO EVERYTHING.

Framed against towering mountains and lush pine forests, Beryl's almost mile-high altitude means no smog, no pollen, cool summers, mild winters, healthful, dry, 90% sunshine climate. An official townsite, Beryl has a U.S. Post Office and a stop on the Union Pacific Railroad's main line. The spacious, level 50' x 142' estate sites front on a graded road that leads into paved State Highway 98. Electrical utilities, telephone available. Minutes to shopping, schools, churches, hospital. No special assessment for sewage, roads, utilities. But you need never improve or build on your land. If you wish, simply hold it, watch its value grow, then sell it at a profit.

BERYL – NEAR PLAYGROUNDS OF THE WEST

Las Vegas – 3 hours
Lake Mead – 2 hours
Movie Locations – Surrounding countryside
Dixie Nat'l. Forest – 20 minutes
Zion Nat'l. Park – 60 minutes
Bryce Canyon – 2 hours
Cedar Breaks Nat'l. Monument – 60 minutes
Lake Powell – 3 hours

FISHING. Rainbow, brook and German brown trout, bass, crappies, bluegills, catfish abound in snow-fed mountain streams and nearby Lake Powell and Lake Mead.

HUNTING. Deer, antelope, elk, duck, pheasant, goose, quail, partridge, grouse, mountain lion, coyote, bear and bobcat hunting on nearby slopes, forests and lakes.

SKIING. Perfect slopes and a 3,700 foot ski-lift at nearby famous Brian Head Mountain Ski Resort.

LAKE MEAD. Some of the best boating, swimming, water-skiing, fishing—on the world's largest man-made lake.

RODEOS. Authentic old-west rodeos are staged throughout the long summer in nearby Cedar City.

MOVIE LOCATIONS. Thrilling Hollywood westerns are shot close by.

ACT TODAY for Tomorrow's Pleasure and Profit.

You pay only $1 down, $10 monthly. Full price only $495, *complete.* No interest or carrying charges. By mailing in the Reservation Certificate and just $1 you can cash in on the new boom, enjoy western outdoor living and be a paid Deputy Marshal to boot! This offer expires soon. A wise man said: "The future belongs to the man with the courage and wisdom to seize it today." Is that you?

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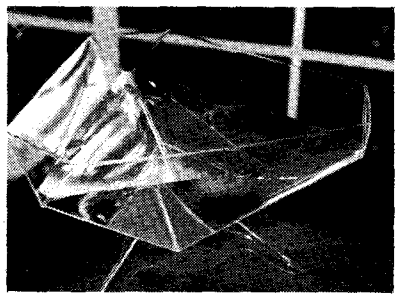

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THE WEST Book Review Page

MUSTANG, WILD SPIRIT OF THE WEST, by Marguerite Henry. Illustrated by Robert Lougheed. (Rand McNally, $3.95)

VELMA BRONN JOHNSTON gained fame, gratitude, and the nickname "Wild Horse Annie" when she staged a courageous fight against the ruthless slaughter of mustangs in the West. This book, appealing to both adults and youngsters, tells Annie's story. It also tells the story of the horse in America.

When Annie was testifying in Washington before a House Committee studying the Wild Horse Bill, she said, "The first horses to reach North America were brought here in the early 1500's by Hernando Cortez. From the Conquistadore, the mustang moved into the hands of the Indians, then to the mountain men and trappers, cattle drovers and the stagecoach drivers, and the pioneer farmers. Saddled or harnessed, the mustang was the biggest one-horse power in the world."

Then (much later) the demand for horse meat as pet food became so great that mustangers began using small planes to round up the horses and huge trucks to haul them to the slaughter houses. Something had to be done quickly if the mustangs were to be saved from the fate of the buffalo and other wild animals of the plains.

Annie started the fight but was soon joined by others who loved the wild, free creatures of the range. Robert Lougheed's illustrations, beautifully reminiscent of cowboy artist Will James, bring authenticity to this absorbing story.

TONALA, CONSERVATISM; RESPONSIBILITY, AND AUTHORITY IN A MEXICAN TOWN, By May N. Diaz. (University of California Press, $5.00)

This book is the result of a study of cultural change made by the Department of Anthropology at the University of California. The author had the delightful assignment of living for a year in a Mexican village to study the customs and habits of the people. She chose Tonala, a town of about 3500, located ten miles from Guadlajara. Her assistants were her husband, a Mexican, and their two young sons.

The boys were enrolled in the town school, and Senor Diaz became involved in local politics, while the author's daily round was much like that of any Tonaltecan housewife, travelling from church to kitchen to tortilleria. A great deal of her working time was spent in informal social affairs, fiestas and ceremonies, all of which she has reported upon in this book.

Pottery-making is the most important industry of Tonala, constituting its only source of renown. About half the households in town are supported by the making of clay jugs, cooking pots and water bottles. This craft dates back to pre-conquest times and is of such beauty that their products sometimes are shipped as far as New York to the specialty shops.

Since the author had an intensive acquaintanceship with Mexican culture through her husband, she has made this much more than a scholarly report. It is a warm and happy experience of Norte-Americanos in Mexico, and of living conditions in a typical Mexican village.

THE CONQUEST OF APACHERIA, by Dan L. Thrapp. (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.96)

The land of the Apaches is a great block of the American Southwest about which General William T. Sherman once growled, "We had one war with Mexico to take it (Arizona) and we should have another to make her take it back." But it was known to be rich in mineral wealth, and where wealth existed white men would seek it, even if they had to fight the most implacable savages to get there. Fight them they, and the soldiers, did and this book is the story of that long and varied war.

The conflict began when the Spanish explorers first made their way west across the continent. Sometimes a truce would last for years, then war would break out again. Thrapp relates incidents from the

(Continued on page 42)

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THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST
AUGUST 1968 VOL. 9 No. 3

Editor . . . . . MILT GRAYSON
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Art Director . . . . . ERIC KARMINSKI, JR.

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Cover picture, "In Hostile Country," by P. Moran

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THE MAIL POUCH

Do not forget to read the letter signed Ralph C. Lester, on page 60, followed by this magazine's sincere expression of regret over something which should never have happened...

HIS VERSION DIFFERS

Dear Sir:

I just finished reading the letter written by Eva Yount, Route 1, Box 80, Chehalis, Washington 98532 regarding the Robin Hood of the Rails.

I was in the north country at the time Bill Carlisle was on the run from the law. I think she is mixed up. Carlisle was never taken to Cody, Wyo. hospital. He was taken to Douglas, Wyo. and was chained to a hospital bed. It was about 6 weeks or 2 months before he was taken back to Rawlins, where he was sentenced to life, serving 16 years (paroled). Sheriff Roach received a lot of notoriety which landed him the warden's job at Rawlins.

The idea of a sheriff shooting from the hip with a rifle is out of the question as anyone knows that ever handled guns.

Respectfully yours,
Ralph A. Harvey
609 Main St.
Evanston, Wyo. 82930

INTERESTING FIND

Dear Mr. Editor:

In your December 1967 issue of *The West* magazine we noticed "Morman Hobbles." We have a pair of these which we found on the Platte River Crossing

on the old Overland Trail, south of Old Fort Steel, Wyoming.

I am enclosing a picture of them. They are in excellent condition.

Glen Linn
Box 112
Rawlins, Wyo. 82301

GHOST TOWNS

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you in regard to asking your readers if they would send me photographs of Ghost Towns, for an essay I'm doing for night school. I wrote to you once before in request of your readers to send me tombstone epitaphs; the response was tremendous and I would like to thank your magazine for printing it, and also like to thank the people who wrote me very much.

Thanking you in advance. Keep up the good work, and good luck.

Yours truly,
Mr. Stanley Beerenfenger,
c/o High Comm. for Malaysia,
Room 313, Burnside Bldg.
151 Slater Street,
Ottawa 4, Ont., Canada

ISHAM HAD NOTHING TO SAY

To the Editor of The West:

I have enjoyed reading *The West* for many years, especially the tales of the Indian Territory. I would like to set you straight on the way it was at Coffeyville, (*The West,* May 1968), as Coffeyville was our Post Office from 1901 until 1907.

I have heard the tale of the Dalton gang and the double bank robbery many times. We lived 9 miles southeast of Coffeyville on Snowcreek, 2 miles upcreek from the Anty Horse Thief Hall which served as church, schoolhouse, dance hall and general meeting hall.

The Dalton gang parked their horses in a dead-end alley by Mr. Isham's hardware store. Mr. Isham saw the gang and went to the gun rack and loaded two or three rifles and waited for the gang to return. When they did return, he opened fire on them from inside of the store. When the smoke cleared, there were three of the gang dead and one badly wounded, who lived to go to prison for life. Another, though mortally wounded, reached a horse and rode to the edge of town before he fell off his horse. When he was found, he was breathing his last; there was a bag laying beside him containing $500, with his pearl-handled pistol lying on top of the bag. Mr. Isham's store was littered with empty cartridge hulls, but he had nothing to say.

(Continued on page 58)

ADDRESS ARTICLES TO: Edit. Dept., Maverick Publications Inc., 122 South Ocean Avenue, Freeport, N.Y. 11520

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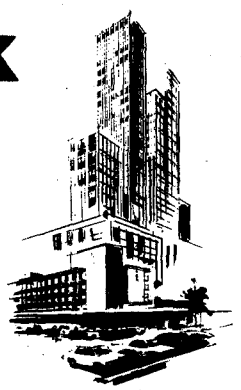
Here are 6 big-pay opportunities many people overlook

Any one of them can lead to financial independence. All are wide open to ambitious newcomers. All of them exist in a single major growth field, for which you can easily train in your spare time.



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A DOG CALLED PANCHO

This beloved stock dog knew how to keep away from a horse's flying hooves, or the death-laden fangs of a rattler, but apparently he had only contempt for the cutter-bar on the horse-drawn mower...

by G.K. Hawk

THE DRY LEAF buzz of a rattler came from along the cow trail ahead. Pancho stopped immediately, alert and questing. His nondescript head twisted, long ears cocked and black nose working.

Under a low sage, partially camouflaged by the light and shadow, he finally located the diamondback. Its flattened wedge of a head toward him, its forked tongue sensing his presence, it lay coiled ready to strike.

Not taking his brown eyes off the snake for an instant, Pancho advanced stealthily one slow step at a time, until both instinct and experience told him that he had reached the extreme outer limit of the rattler's striking radius.

Pancho growled deep in his chest and suddenly feinted to the right. The snake instantly lashed out and struck air. It quickly recoiled, its tail giving frenzied warning.

Pancho barked. He feinted to the left this time. Again the snake struck and again missed. Again, again and again this manuever was repeated. Pancho goading and taunting the rattler into striking, circling the sagebush barely out of reach. Each time the snake responded, striking vainly. Several times it came close, close enough to make Pancho flinch and to wet his coat with spray from its mouth.

Finally, the snake grew weary. It responded more slowly to Pancho's taunts, its strikes were fewer, its recoil less quick, its rattle stilled. Its coils convoluted as it shifted ground and tried to place the sagebush between itself and its tormentor.

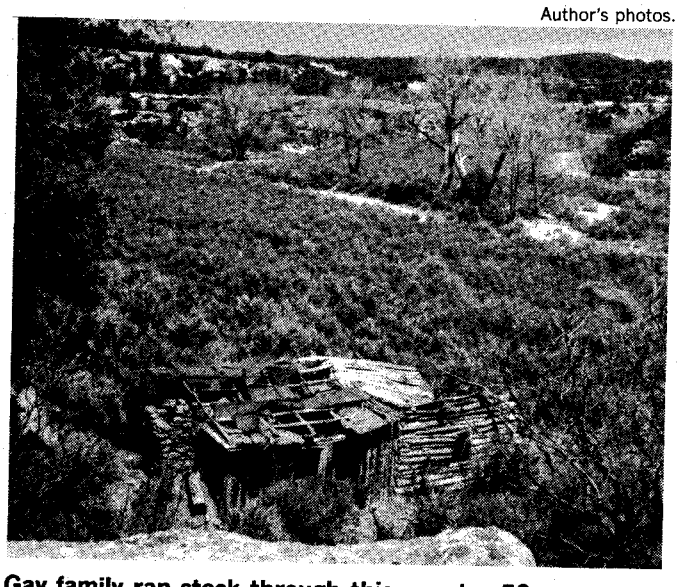
The snake began to withdraw. Its coils looped on the ground as it tried to leave the trailside and seek shelter under a nearby fallen log. Pancho pressed the attack. Hopelessly and desperately the snake would strike from its partially coiled position, but each time more wearily than before.

The snake was ready to quit, to declare a truce. But Pancho was not.

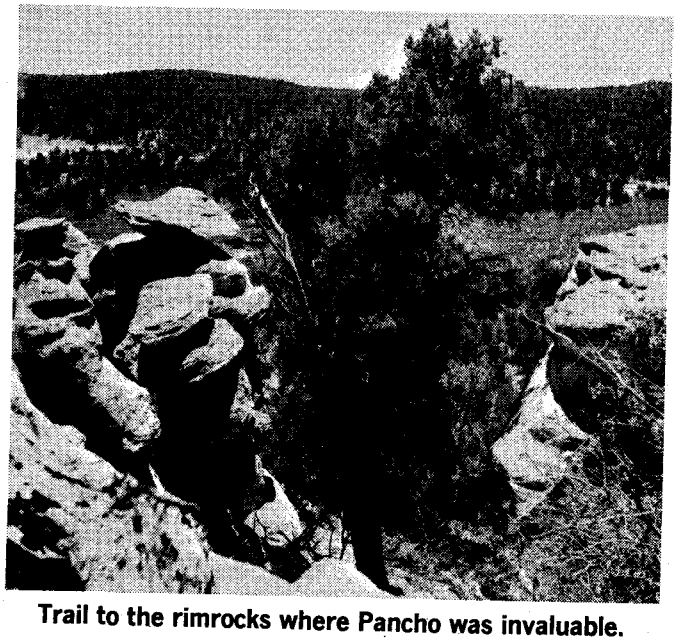
There came a time when the rattler was too slow striking, much too slow in its recoil. For the briefest fraction of a second its body lay limply *(Continued on page 57)*

The snake-killing dog, Pancho, and a little friend.

Author's photos.



Gay family ran stock through this country 50 years ago; tottering structure (foreground) antedates Gays.



Trail to the rimrocks where Pancho was invaluable.

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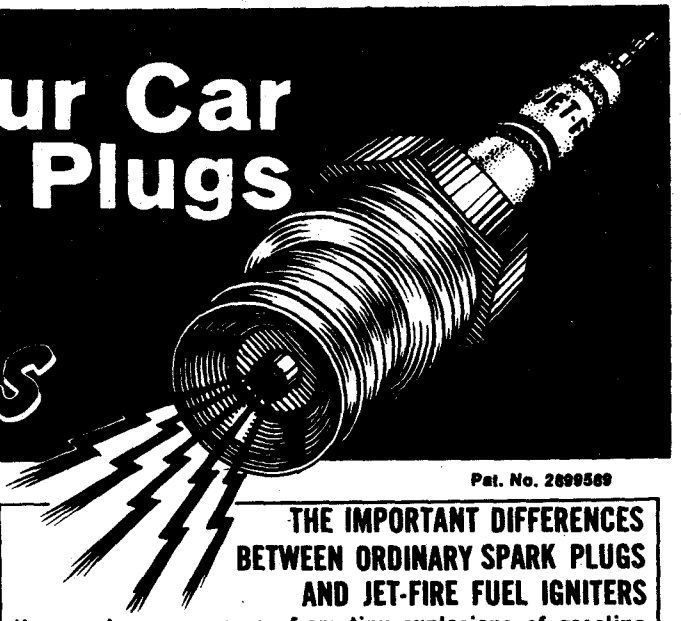
NEW JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS



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Will deliver up to 30 more horsepower, 5 more miles per gallon using only regular gas!

THEY NEVER WEAR OUT YOU'LL NEVER CLEAN, ADJUST OR REPLACE PLUGS AGAIN!

- *get up to 5 more miles per gallon of gas*
- *add up to 30 more horsepower to your engine*
- *save $100 each year for you, year after year while you use the cheapest grades of gasoline!*

Spark plugs are obsolete! Now there's a far better way to run your car.

With conventional spark plugs, only a fraction of the fuel that enters your cylinders is turned into power. The rest escapes through your tailpipe as unburned vapor. That is because their spark is so narrow – only 35-thousandths of an inch wide – that it cannot possibly ignite all the fuel mixture in the cylinder. As plugs get older, their sparks get narrower and less efficient till they have to be replaced.

New Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters do a far better job of turning gasoline into power. Instead of a narrow spark, they send out a wide swath of flame that "walks" across a semi-conductor tip, fanning out in all directions and exploding far more fuel in the cylinder.

Proof That You Get Up To 30 Horsepower More

Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters look like spark plugs merely because they have to be screwed into the spark plug socket. But what they do is far different. Here's how to prove it:

1. **Run your car till it's fully warmed up.**
2. **Stop on a perfectly level stretch of road.**
3. **Put the car in Drive (1st gear with manual transmission), and see how fast the car rolls at idling speed.**
4. **Remove plugs and install Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters (a 10-minute job).**
5. **Now see how fast your car rolls at idling speed. You can expect it to go 4 TO 6 MILES PER HOUR FASTER without touching the gas pedal — dramatic proof that Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters increase engine RPMs by 100 to 150 with no increase in gas consumption. (At high speeds, RPMs increase by 300 to 350.)**

So, first thing, you can reduce the gas flow by adjusting the idling screw, and **start saving money before you've even driven a mile!**

(At the same time, you can make your air-to-gas mixture leaner. Fuel Igniters require only a 15:1 ratio instead of the conventional 9:1. It's a simple adjustment that you or your mechanic can make in one minute. It provides even greater economy.)

Start driving and you'll notice even more improvement – up to 30 more horsepower of acceleration power, climbing power, and passing power. All this while burning less gas!

THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ORDINARY SPARK PLUGS AND JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS

Your car's power comes from tiny explosions of gasoline vapor and air in your cylinders. The bigger the explosions, the faster you go.

SPARK PLUGS *NARROW SPARK*

CONVENTIONAL PLUGS explode this mixture with a spark jumping across an air gap. The spark is just 35-thousandths of an inch across – not wide enough to explode all the fuel in the cylinder. Unburned gas escapes through your exhaust. In time, the electrodes become eroded and caked with carbon. The gap widens, the spark gets narrower, you lose more power, waste more fuel . . . and finally have to replace your plugs.

JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITER *WIDE SWATH OF FLAME*

JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS use no sparks. Instead a fanning swath of flame walks across a semi-conductor bridge from one electrode to another, exploding far more fuel, getting far more power. There is no gap that can widen, and carbon deposits actually improve performance. They do not have to be adjusted or replaced – ever!

SWITCH TO REGULAR

The next time your gas gauge gets near the "Empty" mark, tell the attendant to fill it up with REGULAR! Chances are you'll no longer need premium which costs four to eight cents more than regular gas.

And this second saving is only the beginning. Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters provide easier cold-weather starts . . . and that means less drain on your battery, and no drain on your patience as you try to get started.

NO REPLACING OR ADJUSTING EVER

The more you drive, the better your Fuel Igniters perform. They don't become eroded, wear out or require adjusting. And carbon build-up – the natural enemy of old fashioned plugs – actually makes fuel igniters perform better. Carbon becomes an additional carrier for the igniter's big jet flame.

So there you have a third saving. One set of fuel igniters will last the life of your car!

Invented To Save Air Force Lives — Now They Can Save You Money

Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters were first developed to save airmen's lives. During World War II, there were times when more men were killed by spark plug malfunction than by enemy action. A failure-proof replacement was needed, and Fuel Igniters did the job. Both the Navy and Air Force have approved them for jet engine use.

Now at last they have been modified for automobile use. They won't save your life, but they can save you big money – up to $100 a year with ordinary driving.

Some day, all cars may come equipped with Fuel Igniters like these. But why wait when you can install a set yourself now. Just mail the coupon with the make and model of your car, and we'll rush you a set with full instructions. **Just $12.80 per set of 8, $9.60 per set of 6.**

Save $100 a Year With Jet-Fuel Igniters!

If you drive 15,000 miles, you can easily save:

- *$50 by switching to regular gas.*
- *$40 on your better mileage.*
- *$10 by not replacing plugs.*

Agents wanted for all territories in U.S. Write for full details about this big money-making opportunity.

SEND FOR A SET OF JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS TODAY! — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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3. **GUARANTEED to increase horsepower, increase engine RPMs!**
4. **GUARANTEED to improve ease of starting and acceleration!**

Enclosed is ☐ $9.60 for 6 igniters (ppd.) ☐ $12.80 for 8 igniters (ppd.)

Please send me a set of JET-FIRE Fuel Igniters under your 4-way guarantee for my car

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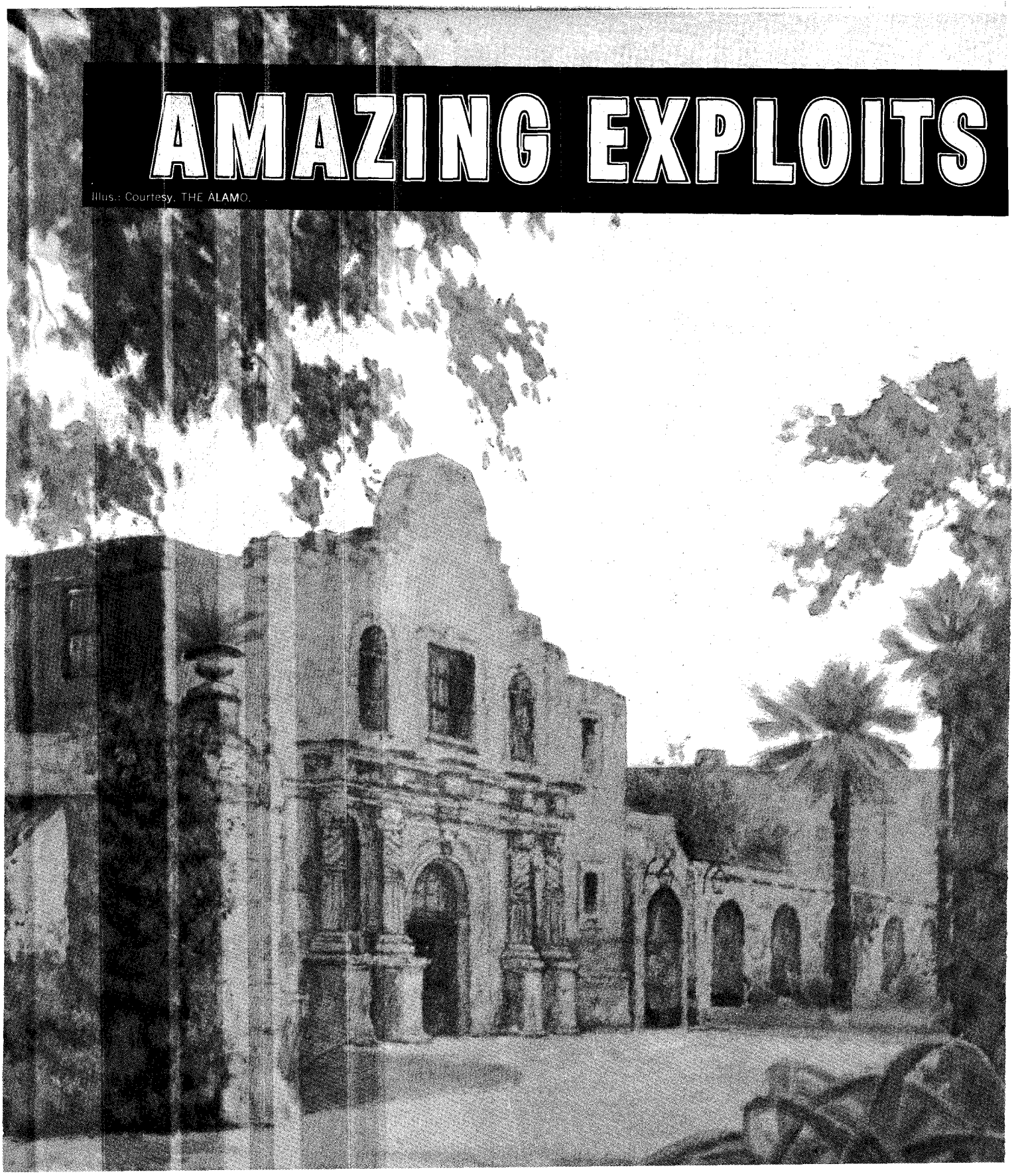
AMAZING EXPLOITS



Illus.: Courtesy, THE ALAMO.

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OF JIM BOWIE

by Julia Jones

Bare to the waist, straddling a driftwood log to which their breeches were nailed, the opponents faced each other with knives, Bowie with his six-inch bone-handled favorite, his adversary with a much longer-bladed weapon which was his undoing, for while he drew back his long blade... Jim disemboweled him...

IF COLONEL JAMES BOWIE were alive he would be the first to deny knowledge, or use of, psychology. Nevertheless, his secret weapon was his instinctive understanding of that imperfect science. He was never belligerent, or a bully, but in his many altercations with others he skillfully maneuvered his opponents into challenging him, so that he could choose the weapons.

Almost without exception he chose the knife—that most deadly of all weapons in close combat—and under such bizarre, ferocious and unconventional conditions that his enemy was practically dazed with shock on hearing them.

In fact, in suggesting knives as duelling instruments Bowie directed a terrific wallop at the place where it hurts most, the rigid mentality.

Dueling was accepted by all gentlemen of that time as part of the social pattern. For man is more or less a creature of habit, and when he is thrown off balance by something totally unexpected, he is uncertain and confused. Bowie himself, blessed with keen intelligence and perfect physical coordination, could adjust at once to an unexpected circumstance. But few men can, and this fact he recognized and used to his advantage, as a study of his lethal encounters shows.

Bowie was a six-foot, two-inch, 200-pound individual with deep-set, keenly observant hazel eyes and reddish blond hair. He was all hard muscle, bone and gristle, and active as a panther, with reflexes so instantaneous that they made him the most celebrated duelist our nation has ever known, with two score men killed outside military service.

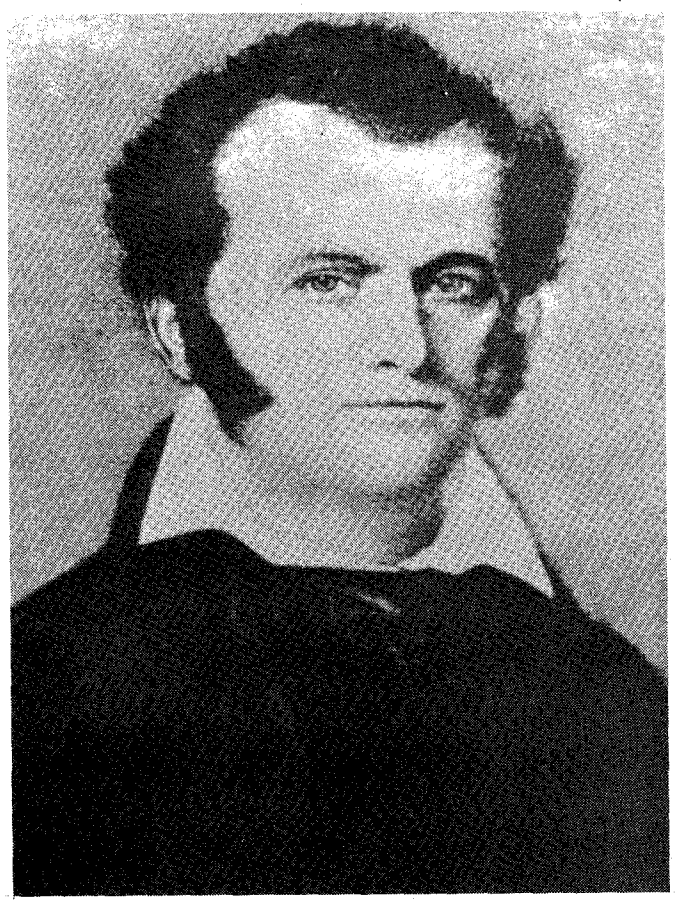
Bowie had not a petty or mean trait about him, but was warm-hearted and generous to a fault. He never lied to friend or foe, and usually fought for a principle, or for justice to the under-dog. It is said that he feared nothing but running out of hard liquor, for he enjoyed his drinks, although he was never a drunkard except during a short period of despair in his later years. His exploits were those of a superbly trained athlete who had spent his childhood and youth in the rigorous activities of pioneer life along the water-ways of Louisiana. There he hunted, fished, wrestled, swam, fought, worked on the farm and in the timber land.

James, or Jim, as he was more commonly called, was born into a family of ten children to Rezin Bowie, a Scot, and his wife Elve Ap-Catesby Jones, a Welshwoman of education and breeding that she passed on, in large measure, to her children. Rezin had fought and been wounded in the siege of Boston, during the Revolutionary War. When Elve, with many other young women of gentle birth, volunteered her services as nurse to wounded patriots, she met Rezin.

At the time of Jim's birth, they lived in Logan County, Kentucky, but when he was six they moved to a place on Bushley Bayou, Rapides Parish, Louisiana, and a little later to Bayou Teche, where Jim had his first glimpse of luxurious living, for it was a district of large plantations and magnificent mansions. In fact, as Rezin Sr. pointed out, it was no place for a poor man to live, so he moved his family to Opelausas Parish, where he engaged in farming and lumbering.

During those years Jim became intimately acquainted with Louisiana's bayou land and its teeming wild life, both animal and human. Along the streams he roped and rode huge alligators, than which there is no meaner animal. He went on dangerous cruises to Barataria, that group of lovely islands which served as headquarters for the pirate Jean La Fitte and his band. He wrestled and played with Tackapaw Indian and Cajun boys and girls, including Sibil Cade, a pretty but totally untutored swamp girl. In fact, it was for a certain amount of independence in his relations with Sibil that he left his home

Author's photo.



James Bowie—he died at the Alamo March 6, 1836.

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Illus.: Courtesy, THE ALAMO.

Artist's portrayal of Col. William Barrett Travis a short while before his death at the Battle of the Alamo.

and settled in a shack of his own on Bayou Boeuf, Rapides Parish. There Bowie earned their living by farming, and by sawing lumber with a whipsaw, then boating it downriver for sale.

But the restlessness which his father deplored remained with Jim. He was ambitious, wanting wealth and prestige, but he could see little opportunity for either in the bayou land. Then came threats of British invasion again, and Rezin Jr. and John, Jim's older brothers, hurried to New Orleans to enlist in the American Army. Jim followed them to that place and on January 8, 1815 took part, with the New Orleans Rifles, in the Battle of New Orleans, where the British were defeated by American troops.

There ensued a period of gaiety, of much wining and dining of heroes, including the famed LaFitte and his volunteer troops, with whom the Bowie boys became better acquainted. Here, they learned, was that opportunity for wealth for which they had been looking. LaFitte was having to move to other places for his smuggling activities, for he had no idea of giving up his business just because of his recent pardoning by the government, because of his Army service.

The Bowies could and did meet one of LaFitte's infamous ships off the Mexican coast, buy the cargo of slaves at one dollar per pound, and take them back to New Orleans overland, for sale. Said a Cajun friend: "Jeem likes fun. He know all the pretty girls along the bayous, he go to all the cock fights and fish fries and broom-hoppins. And when he fight—Mon Dieu! Quick he is mad all over, like goddam!"

Having signed with General Andrew Jackson for temporary service only, the three brothers went to Mexico, bought three hundred slaves, and with them made the long trek across Texas by way of the old Labadie Road, as old as El Camino and almost parallel with it, but fifty miles south.

It was a road that came to have as sinister a reputation as the Natchez Trace, and for the same reason. Travelers who usually carried large sums of gold and silver coins from Mexico to New Orleans and Natchez took their life in their hands, tempting the rapacious and murderous robber bands.

Jim had felt no qualms at leaving Sibil, for their arrangement for togetherness was no more than one of mutual good will, leaving each free. He had no doubt but that she would be married by the time he returned—if he ever did. For the present, he was happy to be in New Orleans with—for the first time in his life—plenty of money in his pockets. His engaging personality soon won friends, among them John James Audubon, the well known naturalist and bird painter, Aristide de Bornay and Lieutenant Sam Houston, a distinguished figure in uniform of white pantaloons and gold-braided blue jacket.

Each of those three was to contribute to Jim's maturing. Audubon gave him an appreciation of wild life that he had known always, but ignored. Aristide gave him valuable teaching in the social amenities, supervised his buying suitable clothing, and introduced Jim to his sister Judalon, with whom he promptly fell in love.

Houston, only three years Jim's senior, undertook to introduce the latter to the city's night life that did *not* include such girls as Judalon, a life against which Jim was more or less fortified because of his infatuation for the Creole girl.

It was his first real love, and Judalon became an obsession. He never missed an opportunity of being where he could see her, or hear the entrancing tones of her conversation and laughter. As for Judalon, she coquetted with the good looking

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youth and accepted his gifts of candy and flowers—no more, for nice girls could accept no valuable or intimate gifts from gentlemen. She always thrilled to men's admiration, but secretly she ridiculed Jim's crudeness, his lack of polish and sophistication. This Jim did not suspect; he was so smitten as to be in the seventh heaven of delight when she would dance with him, or let him accompany her on a shopping tour.

Then, on a never-to-be-forgotten day, he blurted out his love and a proposal of marriage—and she burst into laughter.

With all the cruel hauteur of a heartless eighteen-year-old flirt, she mocked him.

"Marry you? And what, pray, would I do then? Live in a shanty-boat, or in a log hut on the bayou? Be a river rat? No, thank you."

It was the bitterest humiliation of Jim's entire life, and put him in fine fettle for the events of that evening.

As had become their custom, Aristide and Jim walked to the tavern on Gallatin Street where they were certain of finding convivial company, and there drank some cognac. Dominique You, Jean LaFitte's captain, was there to display a dagger he had promised to show Jim, knowing his interest in such weapons. Meanwhile Aristide became involved in a quarrel with a fencing master by the name of Contrecourt, who drew his sword and thrust it through the body of the young Creole. This resulted in an immediate duel between Jim and Contrecourt, fought in a locked, pitch-black room where the barefooted men, one with his sword, the other with Dominique You's dagger, felt for each other's lives. Fifteen minutes later Jim knocked on the door and emerged, wiping blood from You's ivory-handled knife. "Thank you," he said simply, as he returned it to its owner, looking on coolly as Contrecourt's lifeless body was carried past him.

It was early in 1817 when Bowie, heartbroken,—so he thought—by his loss of Judalon, joined his brothers and several other 'blackbirders' in taking a coffle of slaves up the Natchez Trace into Mississippi, where they always were in demand. Jim detoured along the way long enough to visit briefly his former home, where sure enough he found Sibil with a brand new husband. Staying only long enough to give the couple his blessing, along with his shack, he was on his way again.

By this time a few steamboats sailed the Mississippi, but they were still in the experimental stage and not looked upon with great favor. Anyway, they were not for slaves and their owners, so the Natchez Trace, with all of its discomforts and dangers was still the great avenue of traffic.

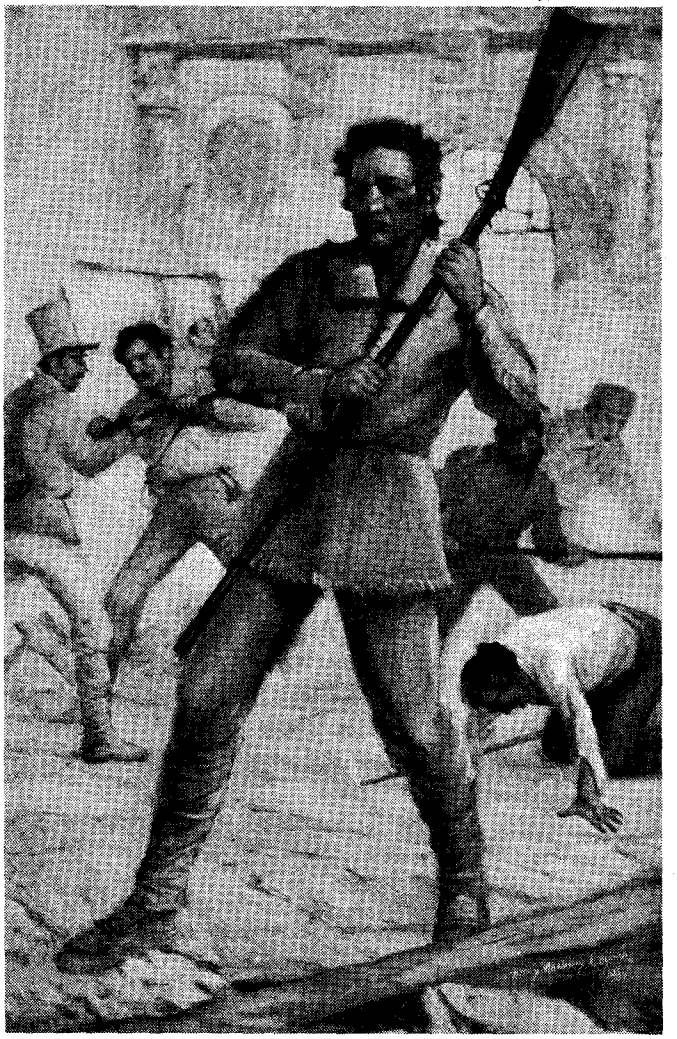
The spacious brick residences of Natchez-on-the-Bluff would have compared favorably with any in the United States at that time. Both Spain and France had left their imprints on the buildings, but the more modern ones were pure American colonial, with broad galleries and fluted white columns. The grounds were beautifully landscaped with flowering shrubs and chinaberry trees planted along the streets; there were dogwood trees blooming everywhere.

Jim was entranced with the beauty and the social life of the town, into which he settled quite happily. His lately acquired social grace, talents and charm, coupled with good looks and fine clothing, made him a favorite with all.

Men called him 'solid,' while women had other and more affectionate names for him. Truth to tell, however, Jim was never unduly fond of women, as was Sam Houston. He respected and admired the ones he called ladies, and while he must have seen much of the underworld, for he was a frequenter of the infamous Natchez-under-the-Hill, the women there never interested him.

There was one, however, who became the cause of another duel, and that one was a barmaid in a popular tavern. This girl was an unusual character for her station in life, being both honest and moral, earning Jim's sympathy and respect. When a Spanish officer spoke insultingly to her, Jim was quick in her defense, and a quarrel resulted, then a challenge.

Illus.: Courtesy, THE ALAMO.



Davy Crockett was impressed with Bowie's famous knife.

Now here was a man whose life for years had been spent in the army, hence conditions must fit that background. They would stand back to back, rifles raised and perpendicular. There would be the count of three, then the command, "Wheel!" Would the Spaniard make his play in the accustomed three motions, as he had done thousands of times, or would he use that thin margin of time following the command, 'wheel,' by acting instinctively as the ordinary gunman fighting for his life, and not the soldier?

Therein lay the gamble, and when did Jim Bowie ever back down from a gamble?

True to rigid form, the officer executed the maneuver in good army style, while Jim swiveled from the hips in one motion and—there was one more dead hombre.

"Well, there's always a little guesswork," Jim remarked to one who congratulated him.

Rezin Jr. and Jim visited LaFitte on Galveston Island in 1816. Enjoined from using American bases for attacks upon Spanish shipping, LaFitte had set up a colony of more than 1500 men, women and children. He had built his magnificent Maison Rouge and lived there in barbaric splendor, continuing to be the scourge of Spanish ships and to smuggle captured goods and slaves into Louisiana. Smuggling was so common a violation of the law that no one condemned, but rather encouraged it.

An old and greatly admired acquaintance of Jim's was beautiful Catherine Villars, LaFitte's mistress. She slipped into Jim's room one night, pleading that she needed his help to leave the island. He could not help her, and he told her so. Unfortunately, one of LaFitte's henchmen saw the girl enter Jim's room, and put the worst *(Continued on page 47)*

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by Edgar W. Nye

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A

"...I decided to give my hand in marriage. Concluding that I had more poverty than one person was entitled to, I made up my mind to endow some deserving young woman with a part of it..." Thus did Judge Nye—turning his inexhaustible fund of humor upon his own chronic insolvency—explain his coming nuptials...

MY FATHER WAS A NATIVE of the State of Maine and our people may still be found on Buzzard's Bay and toward the interior of Massachusetts.

My birthplace was a small hamlet called Shirley, now a station on the Bangor and Moosehead Lake Railroad, but at that time a happy and peaceful neighborhood clustering about a red sawmill in the midst of a rich belt of white birch and gum-arabic trees.

Our humble home lay in the valley of the bright Piscatequis, within the shadow of the pine-clad pinnacle of Squaw Mountain, where the moldy blue bloom of the huckleberry slumbered in the quiet shade of the hemlock, or wooed with sweet and cunning coolness the advances of the wild bear and the woodchuck of the Katahdins.

My early life was uneventful after the 25th day of August, 1850, at which time I was born and it was, for the first three years, such a history as might be written of an ordinary person. Beyond getting strangled in a set of knitted harness by accidentally hanging myself over a stone wall till cut down by the authorities, and afterwards developing a style of sleep-walking which frightened the neighbors almost to death, I led a quiet life for those three years.

Young Nye left for far West so he wouldn't be labeled one of the "boys."

Yet we were well thought of even then, and were acquainted with prominent people, especially the Hamlins and the Brownes, Stephen and Ephraim Browne, the uncles of Artemus Ward, being my father's schoolmates. I was already receiving a training which was to fit me so well in after years for the atmosphere of courts.

In the early part of the latter half of the 19th Century, and while yet a child, I girded up my loins and, without other luggage, traveled westerly, taking my parents. Our journey was extremely exciting and filled with strange events. The latter part of it especially, which lay through the dense forests of Wisconsin, under the guidance of an old trapper named Thomas G. Nesbitt, was full of hairbreadth escapes and a noticeable paucity of food.

For quite a space of time we journeyed on by short stages, compelled each day to eat such wild animals as crossed our path, whether in season or not, and also the unbolted meal made of unsifted oats, with which we also fed the beasts of the outfit, so that even unto this day the oatmeal of civilization is to me anathema. Finally our caravan came to a halt in the valley of the river Kinnick-Kinnick, and founded a settlement by treaty with the Indians, who, we found, had already preceded us.

With the permission of the Government, and at the earnest solicitation of the Indians, we settled upon one hundred and sixty acres of beautiful ferns and bright young rattlesnakes, and it was here that my younger brother and an uncle were bitten by the cheerful fauna of that region. Whiskey internally and plug tobacco externally, however, soon overcame the poison (?) of the rattlesnake.

The Indians were extremely friendly at times, and preferred our salt-rising bread to the bread of idleness, which they had been using before we got there. We built up a good trade with them by exchanging brass rods, tin roofing, and pain-killer for beaver, buckskin, and ginseng-root, which we afterward bartered with the merchants of St. Paul for salt and other delicacies, such as molasses, salt mackerel, embroidery, gunpowder, horse medicine, and saleratus.

We constructed a low chalet of basswood, shingling it with swamp grass, and the following year put in a glass window. In this region I grew to boyhood, studying the benefits of industry and early attaining among the Indians a degree of social recognition of which I am still justly proud.

My life thus far had been one of earnest endeavor and vigilance, but I can see now that it was fitting me even then for the

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Western J. P.

Bronco Sam—he came to blood-curdling end.

position which I was afterward to occupy of Justice of the Peace, during six of the most eventful years in the life of the nation. If I had thought of it in time, I would have studied a good deal more by the light of the pine-knot, but it did not occur to me until too late to be of use to me in an autobiography.

It is fair to say that my parents were very poor, but they were so honest that it occasioned comment. As they grew older they found that their integrity had become so fixed upon them that they could not throw it off.

I shall never forget the time when it came over them like a clap of thunder from a clear sky that this habit had fastened itself upon them.

"We are now past middle life," they said, "and it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. We shall no doubt die as we have lived. But you," they said, with much feeling, "you are yet young. Your principles are still plastic; you are like versatile clay in your own hands. You can be what you will. Shun, if you can, the errors we have made. Do not allow any habit whatever to obtain entire control over you."

Growing into manhood I found I had obtained quite an education—that is, mostly a practical education. I had attended school off and on, between massacres, by working out in summer by the month and then attending school winters, by dint of building fires and sweeping out the school-house for my

The marriage of Beautiful Snow.

board. Of course the board was not extensive, but almost every day some well-to-do and fore-handed scholar would leave a doughnut or a piece of "bread and jell" in his desk and forget it, or else voluntarily give me a nice, durable boiled egg for writing his composition for him, and so I got along real well and always with a blithe heart.

That is one thing which aroused the admiration of one and all, an admiration in which I was at last compelled to join. That is—I had a blithe heart!

Let us proceed without further dawdling to the actual moment when a boy really blooms into manhood, and has single-handed and with bare knuckles to meet the great, brutal world.

I remember very well when the day came on which I was gently but firmly invited to *(Continued on page 62)*

The Indians traded beaver for pain-killer.

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These delightful stories have been edited by author Mary Collins Rexroth from letters written by her great-aunt, Auntie May—Mary Clementine Collins. Miss Collins was a medical doctor and a minister in the Congregational Church. She was known to her beloved Sioux Indians as Winona...(Princess)...

Little Eagle Village (Standing Rock Reservation) showing house occupied by Auntie May for almost 35 years;

THE HIGH COST OF

by Mary Collins Rexroth

IT IS A COMMON CUSTOM among the Dakotas to have in each village a number of old women who are always ready to go to a house of mourning and wail, and Little Eagle village is no exception. If the wailing is for one who is ill, the old women walk up and down in the hills and make a mournful sound, half crying and half singing.

After a woman has thus wailed until she feels sure all have heard, she returns to the house and the family makes her a present. When a death occurs, the family usually gives away everything in the house to the mourners. I have seen a woman whose husband had died even take off her dress and give it away. I have also seen the household goods all carried off, and even the doors, windows, and logs of the house taken away by the people who came to mourn.

When I first came to this village to live in 1886, this custom of giving everything away was universal among the Dakotas. I remonstrated. I taught and preached against it, but they always excused themselves by saying: "Our friend is dead; we are full of sorrow; we care nothing for these things."

One can readily see the necessity of trying to change such a custom. It keeps the people in the greatest of poverty.

Mourners who went about to help people cry always expected something for their efforts, but I believe the custom is gradually changing. One day I met a woman who was walking along the road crying. I recognized her. She was one of my neighbors. I stopped to speak to her.

"Grandmother," I asked, "why do you cry?"

She stopped her crying to explain: "Black Horse's mother died, and I went up there and helped them cry all day and they did not give me anything."

On one occasion I went to a house of mourning and found all the household goods carried outside; pieces of new cloth, moccasins, in fact, all kinds of Indian valuables. Two women

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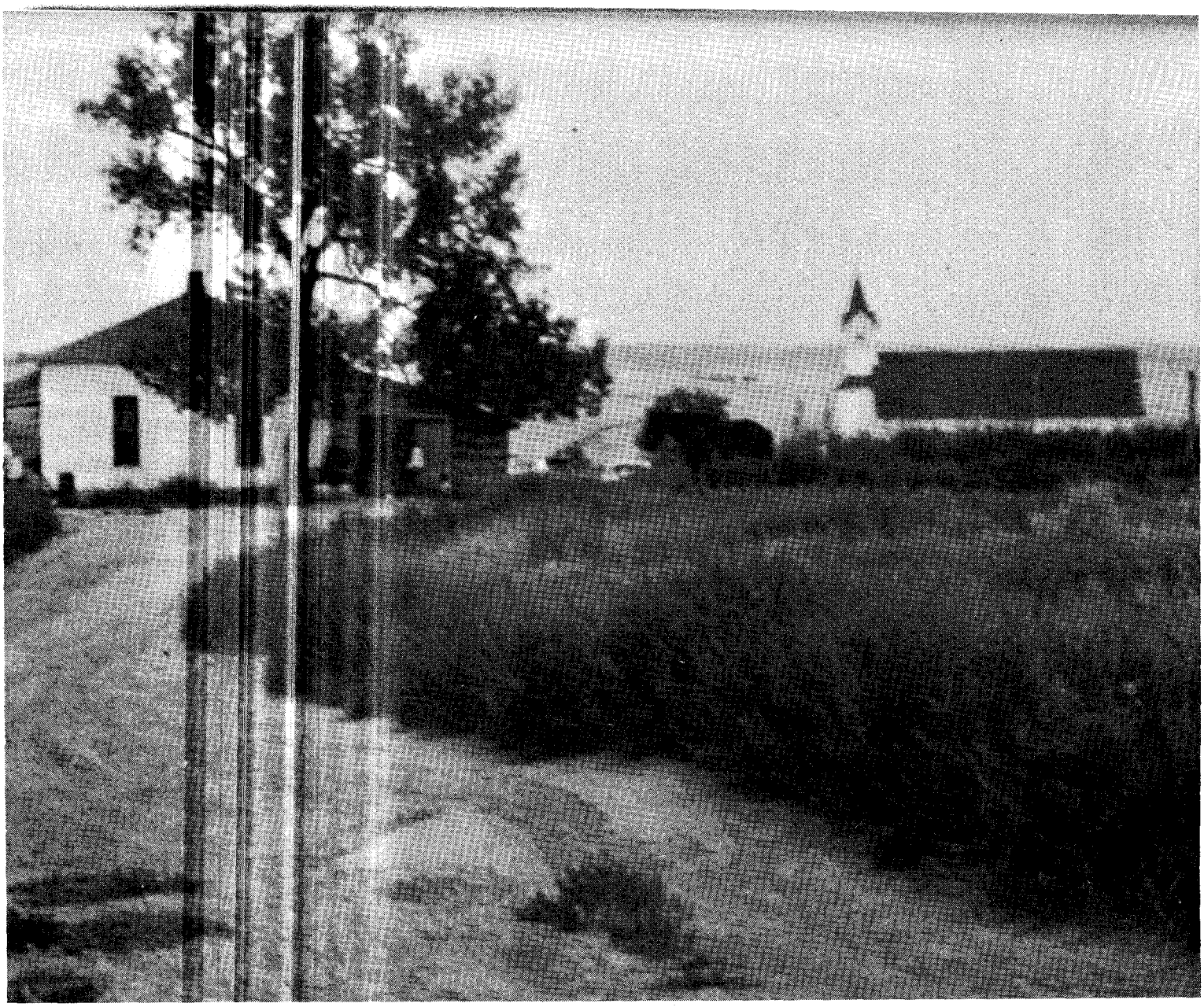

it was through this house that Chief Little Eagle's soul "went to heaven." Church is at right. Author's Photos.

COMPETENT MOURNERS

were dividing these things among the hired mourners. One woman had received more than others thought she should and they came to me at once to complain, saying, "We cried a great deal louder and longer than she did and yet she has carried off more than we have."

There are two old women, now widows, who are twins. They were the wives of one man, Fire Cloud. He was a chief. These two women are said to be the "best mourners" in the village. I think sometimes when I hear their doleful wail at midnight or at dawn that if it is sad noise the people desire to hear, the Twins certainly deserve the honor given them.

Once, as I was just starting out to see a patient, I received a message to come at once to the house of another sick woman. As I rode by the woman's house to say I should call on my way back from visiting the first patient, the sick woman was sitting up out of doors and seemingly not very ill. The one to whom I was going was dangerously ill, so I hurried on.

I was gone perhaps an hour, and I returned to find that the woman had died. Already some old women were dragging the body on a travoix out to the hill, with three or four hired mourners following and wailing. As the husband's first wife was still living, he did not feel as bad at the death of the second one as the mourners thought he should, and they complained to me because, due to the husband feeling this way, they were not better remunerated for their exertions.

If there are those sentimental people now living who think it a delightful thing to live the life of the wild Indian, it will not take long to change their minds if they will live with these people and observe the sad, uncomfortable and sometimes dangerous life caused by ancient customs.

We are, I am glad to say, coming into better times here in this village. The people are kinder to the old. They bury the dead. They do not give away their property. The gospel made them free; but it will take several generations to entirely eradicate all the old customs from the hearts of these people.

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Homestead of author's grandparents, who are seated at doorway; Auntie May stands next to them.

WAHACANKA'S SAD END April 5, 1891

I imagine you all think life here at Little Eagle is dull since the end of the Messiah Craze, but my Indians continue to have problems. One of them, Wahacanka, came to a sad end last week on April 5, 1891.

Wahacanka, whose English name was Luke Shield, was a handsome Indian boy. Like many handsome white boys, he was spoiled by his relatives and friends. He went away to school, learned to speak English, and when he returned he was a great help in our church work. He became a Christian, united with the church, and was married sacredly to one of our best young girls. I feel that he was truly Christian and truly sincere.

His trouble began when he went away on a visit to another agency. A young half-breed girl, seeing his handsome face, began in many ways to influence him, and finally succeeded in winning him. He married her after Indian custom. I think—as they had been educated in regard to marriage—that he did not realize the enormity of his crime.

When the agent there found out that Luke was married to one of our girls, he ordered the young man to return to us. Luke wrote a letter to me stating that he had disgraced himself and that he was ashamed to return. And, without waiting for my reply, he ended his life with a revolver.

Luke was about twenty-eight years old and leaves his wife and one little daughter. He was one of the most promising boys I had in school. Why such a sad ending to what might have been a happy, useful life? Our Government is to blame. We have no laws governing marriage on the Sioux Reservation. The Indians are bigamists, and even when a young man becomes a Christian, and sees that those about him have two or more wives, he is continually tempted to do the same. And because it was no disgrace among his own people, poor Luke found it hard to resist the temptation which resulted so tragically.

THE DAKOTA WOMAN June 6, 1891

People who were so thoroughly discouraged in regard to the advancement of the Dakota Indians because of the troubles arising from the Ghost Dance last year may well take courage now. There are still a few old men who cannot make up their minds to lay aside the past life, but the greater part of the people are trying to find the new way.

Our church members were loyal and stood by the Government, and they can now boast over the others who went to war and were vanquished. "I told you so" is no more pleasant when it is said to an Indian, and yet our people delight in saying this to those who have been in trouble. The Indians who went off from this Reservation are mostly very much humiliated. I have not talked with even one who, according to his own story, went off of his own accord. All deny any feeling against the Government.

The result of this feeling is a great rush for our meetings. Oh, if we were only equipped to handle all these people! We have no house that will hold the congregations. In a meeting which I attended last Sunday at Cross Bear's village, over two hundred were present, and the schoolroom will hold only sixty. Last week at our women's meeting in our own schoolroom, which holds seventy-five, the place was full to overflowing. A hundred and fifty Dakota women were present. Almost all the women who have ever attended our church are now on the rolls of our Women's Native Missionary Society.

This Society was organized in 1876, and now every church has its own group. We have our annual meeting every year with

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Author's father is smallest boy in foreground.

the annual missionary meeting. This year the meeting will be at Yankton Agency and our women are eagerly awaiting it. Our women give money, sew and make fancy articles, such as the Dakotas wear. These articles are beautifully decorated with beads, porcupine quills, and other such decorations. The articles are sold and the money is put into the treasury. Last year our Indian women supported two native missionaries by this endeavor.

The annual meeting of the Society is worth seeing. About four hundred Indian women are present all dressed in their finest. They take great pride in dressing as beautifully as they can. A president is elected from among the Dakota women and a secretary from among the white missionaries. The election is conducted with dignity and in a business-like manner.

I am proud of my Dakota women when I hear them make their reports speaking in a clear voice. Their piety and pathos comes out in these reports as they tell of their struggles with old-time customs. You will remember how in the old times when a friend died, the living relatives showed their love and sorrow by preparing beautiful things and at a set time making a feast called a "ghost feast" giving away all these things in memory of the lost one? At our meeting last year, a number of our women came forward with gifts for the Lord's treasury in memory of departed friends. Now Little Eagle's wife is making beautiful moccasins for our Society in memory of her husband who died with Sitting Bull.

The reports of such gifts have been published in our papers. In this one thing our Dakota women are most like their civilized Christian sisters; they want to have their gifts publicized. They like to see their names in print. And I fear sometimes that our large gifts owe their size to the fact that Indian women, like their white sisters, do not like to be outdone by anyone!

WHO IS YOUR VERY MOTHER? July 10, 1891

Have I told you what a very polite people the Dakotas are? My "Injuns" may have their faults, but their courtly bearing indicates to me that their ancestors were noblemen of some ancient royal line.

Even though the Indian's nomadic life and polygamous practices would seem to indicate otherwise, the Indian's home is really a rather pleasant place. It is usually orderly and controlled and the children are well behaved. Indian children are greatly loved but firmly disciplined. I have been in the homes of these people many, many times, and never have I had an Indian child walk in front of me. His training would not permit him to do so.

In visiting an Indian family certain rules of behavior are still practiced. When you are within shouting distance of the house, you must call out so that the family may come out to greet you. If you are welcome, you will be invited in. One never enters an Indian's home unless invited. If asked to eat with the family, a guest must eat all that is set before him, or compliment the hostess by carrying home a part of the "delicious food which only you know how to cook to such perfection." If one asks a favor he must first make a flattering speech, and if he receives a gift he must chant the praise of the giver as he leaves the house.

While the Indian has no word for "home" in his language, he speaks of "my house" with reverence. I have tried very hard to help these people understand our meaning of the word "home" but it is very difficult since our idea of home is built around the word "mother" and they do not understand this word as we do. To us, the word "mother" is almost a holy word. But to the Indian child the word "mother" has an entirely different meaning for he has mothers innumerable. All his father's wives are called mother. All the mother's sisters are called mother, and all the *(Continued on page 61)*

Author's Photos.

Mary Clementine Collins (Auntie May) when she was known to the Sioux Indians as Winona.

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BIRD WOMAN'S REAL STORY

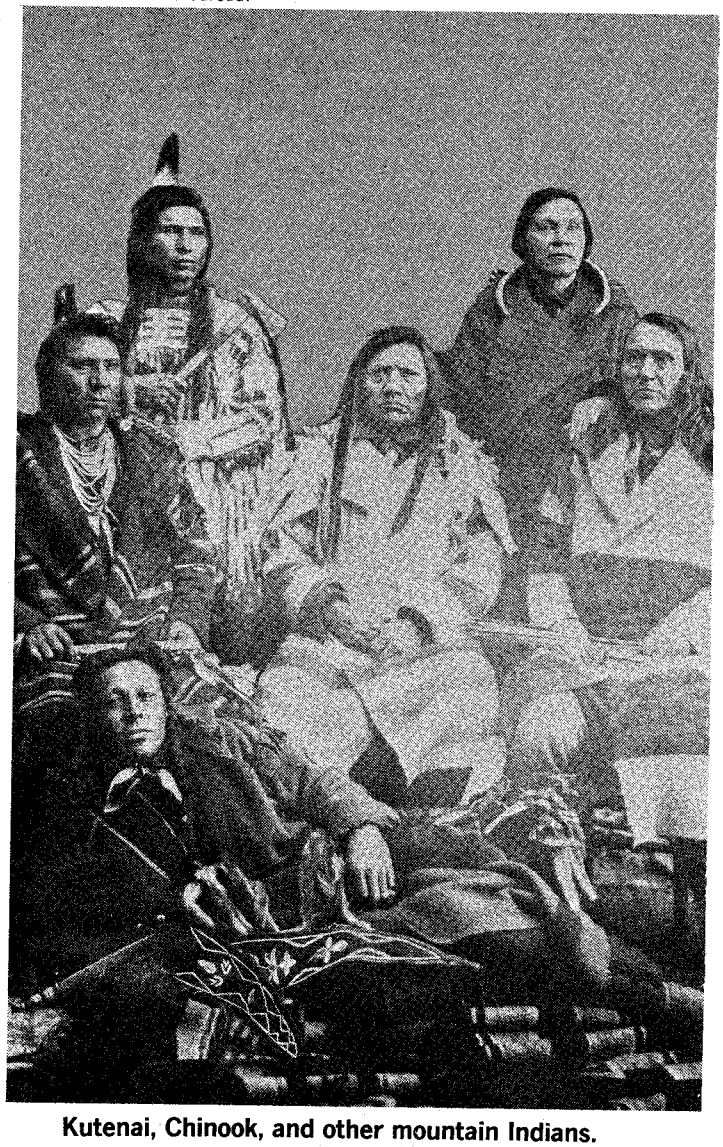
The Shoshonis were at first friendly to Lewis but gradually a number of warriors began to suspect that members of the expedition were spies for their bitter enemies, the Hidatsa!

by Wilfred T. Neill

(CONCLUSION)

See! There is where we dig the precious white clay.

Photo: U.S. Census Bureau.



Kutenai, Chinook, and other mountain Indians.

THE INDIAN GIRL, Bird Woman, pointed out a creek where her people often came to gather a white clay from which they made paint. The whole expedition was joyfully buoyed up by her assurance that they were following the proper route, that the south fork they had been following was the main stream of the Missouri River. The unknown Rockies, looming to the west, seemed much less forbidding when a small girl called them her home.

Bird Woman said that, a few days journey upstream, the Missouri split into three forks. Clark took Charbonneau and pushed on ahead, following a plainly marked Indian trail. Both men were ill, but they reached the forks and followed one of them for 25 miles. Charbonneau could go no farther, but Clark made another 12 miles before turning back.

The two men rested for a time, then tried to ford a small stream. In their weakened condition they were knocked off their feet by the strong current, and Charbonneau, who could not swim, had to be fished out by his companion.

When the boat party reached the forks, Lewis named them the Jefferson, the Madison, and the Gallatin. From the top of a high hill, Jefferson Fork looked to be most promising, and the expedition started up it. Clark was now very ill.

On July 28 Bird Woman recognized the spot where the Hidatsa had raided her people. She told Captain Lewis that the Hidatsa had come from the Knife River. They had killed four Shoshone men, four women, and several boys. They had also captured many women and a few boys. A portion of the Shoshone had escaped, Bird Woman among them. They fled back toward their own country, and for a time were able to elude

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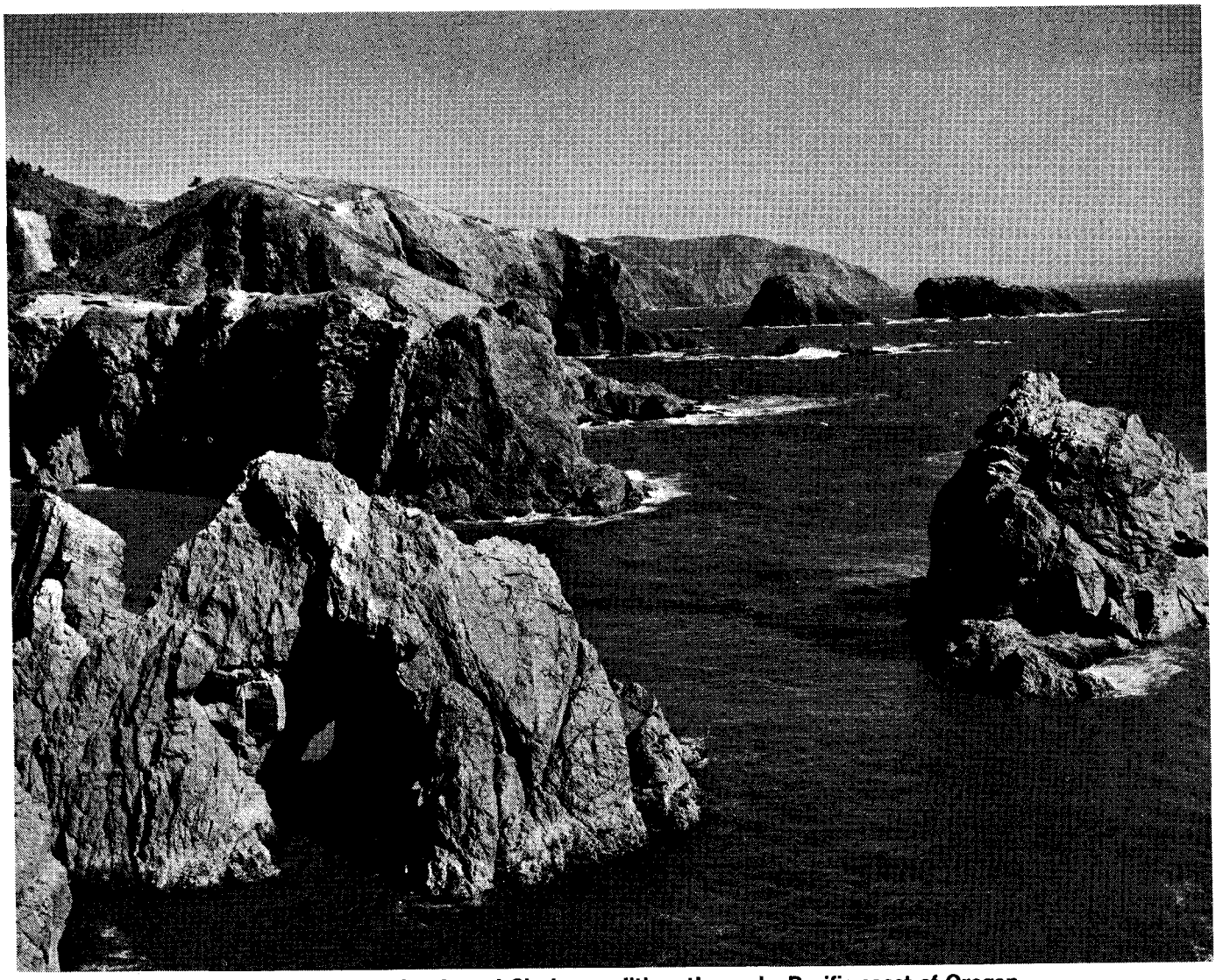
Photo: Oregon State Highway Dept.



Destination of the Lewis and Clark expedition: the rocky Pacific coast of Oregon.

the Hidatsa, but they were finally run down and caught.

On July 30 the Indian girl pointed out the spot where she herself had finally been captured. The Hidatsa raiders had tracked her down. She had tried to escape across the stream, but was caught on a rocky shoal.

Now the river began branching more and more often. The course of the main stream could be determined only by exploring many tributaries. The soldiers were becoming tired and ill, and Charbonneau had already collapsed. He said he could no longer travel afoot to explore the numerous rivulets. Lewis and Drouilliard hiked up one promising creek, rejected it, and went back to its mouth. Here they left a note for Clark, who was proceeding more slowly with the boats. But the note was placed in a cleft stick, which a beaver promptly gnawed down and dragged away. Clark pushed for ten miles up the wrong channel, and had to retrace his course, a heart-breaking drain on his waning strength.

Once again Bird Woman gave the expedition new courage. On August 8 she recognized a high plateau which her people called the Beaver's Head. She insisted that the summer campground of her people was not far away, on the headwaters of a stream that flowed west. She was certain that the expedition would soon encounter the Shoshone.

Lewis was anxious to meet them, for they were the only possible source of horses to carry the baggage over the crest of the Rockies. Therefore it was with great relief and rising excitement that he spotted, on August 11, a man on horseback. The captain's telescope revealed an Indian, riding bare-back on a fine mount. For a bridle he used only a cord, fastened about the horse's lower jaw. He was armed with a bow and a quiver of arrows. The stranger belonged to no tribe that was familiar to Lewis. The captain tried to approach him, but the Indian wheeled his mount and galloped away.

Lewis, Drouilliard, and Private George Shannon, scouting on foot, followed the Jefferson Fork until it became a mere brook, a rivulet they could easily step across. A few miles farther upstream, they drank clear, icy water from the ultimate source of the Missouri, in a land never before seen by white men!

Later that day, having followed an Indian trail across a high ridge, they drank from a brook that flowed west—the headwaters of the Columbia. They had crossed the Continental Divide! And the next blessed day, August 13, the Shoshone arrived!

Lewis, Drouilliard, and Shannon encountered a Shoshone man with several women and a pack of dogs. Drouilliard's sign-language was of limited use; this family knew only a little of the sign-talk that was used on the prairie. Lewis gave out some beads, awls, pewter mirrors, and red paint. The Indians grasped that the white men were friendly, and anxious to meet their chief.

An hour or so later, 60 mounted warriors galloped up. Three painted Shoshone, apparently the leaders, embraced Lewis heartily, smearing him with grease and paint. The captain lighted up a pipe, passed it around, and gave out a few more presents. Then the chief, named Cameahwait—or, Never Walks

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Photo: U.S. Census Bureau.

Hidatsa Indians in dance costume (Montana.) Bird Woman's captors were people of such a tribe.

—took Lewis and his companions to a nearby village.

Here the Indians brought the white men some meat of the pronghorn, and cakes made from service-berries and choke-cherries. Next came roasted fish, and Lewis was pleased to note that it was salmon, a fish of the Pacific rivers.

Several Indians at the village turned out to be moderately proficient in sign-language, so through Drouilliard, Lewis inquired about horses. Cameahwait said there were no wild horses in the mountain country; the Shoshone raised their own herds. The original stock had come from the Spanish, who had reached the headwaters of the Colorado River.

In the village Captain Lewis saw two mules with Spanish brands.

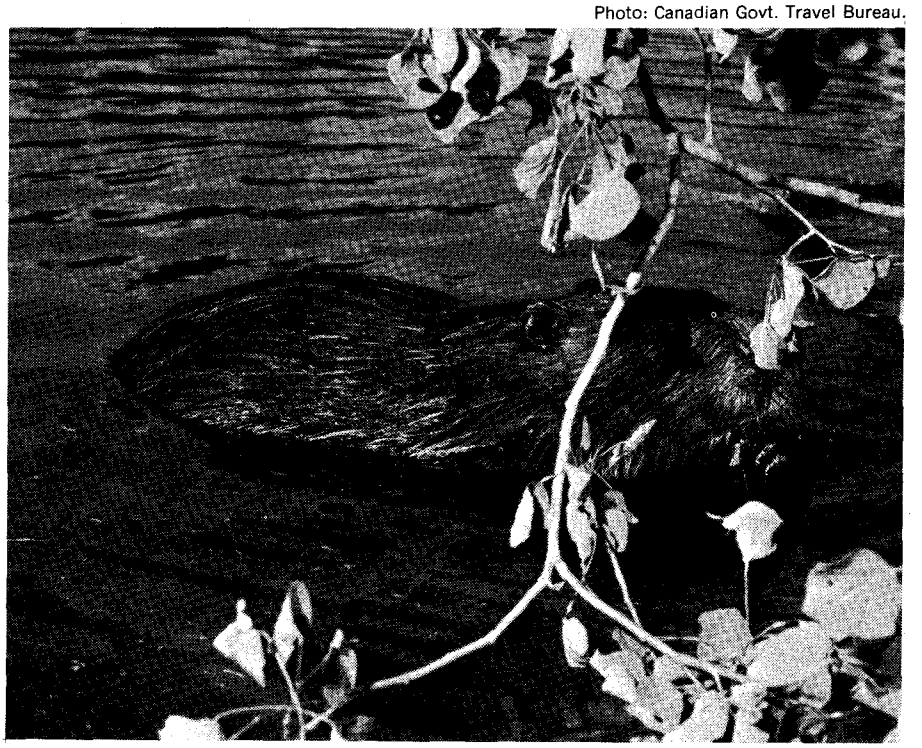
Many of the Indians were suspicious of Lewis and his companions. The white men might be advance scouts for a Hidatsa war party! Had they not followed the Hidatsa war trail into the land of the Shoshone? The captain explained that the rest of his group, all friendly, were still struggling up the river in canoes and a keelboat.

Unconvinced, the Indians took Lewis back to Jefferson Fork. There was no sign of Clark or the boats. The Shoshone grew restless, suspecting a trap. But the captain's persuasive talk held them, until at last an Indian brought word that the boats had been sighted, much to the relief of a nervously sweating Lewis.

Heavily armed, the Shoshone gathered at the river bank, Lewis with them, pretending a calm he did not feel. Clark and his party landed, and there was another confrontation. Red warrior and white explorer eyed each other warily. Tension mounted. Then, to the surprise of everyone, a Shoshone girl rushed out to embrace Bird Woman. The two had been prisoners together in a Hidatsa village; the other girl had escaped after Bird Woman had been taken away by Charbonneau. This was Bird Woman's own band of Shoshone. Chief Cameahwait was her brother.

It was a tearful reunion, for most of Bird Woman's relatives had been killed in warfare with the Hidatsa. Another problem soon arose. When a Shoshone girl was still very young, a future marriage was arranged for her, and Bird Woman had been promised in this way to a Shoshone brave whose claim was

Photo: Canadian Govt. Travel Bureau.



Beaver gathering wood for dam—a beaver cut a stick upon which Lewis' note to Clark was impaled.

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Photo: U.S. Census Bureau.

Shoshone camp on the prairie; Indian dog (as in foreground) was explorers' principal food in Rockies.

still valid. Fortunately, when the prospective bridegroom saw little Baptiste, he relinquished his claim.

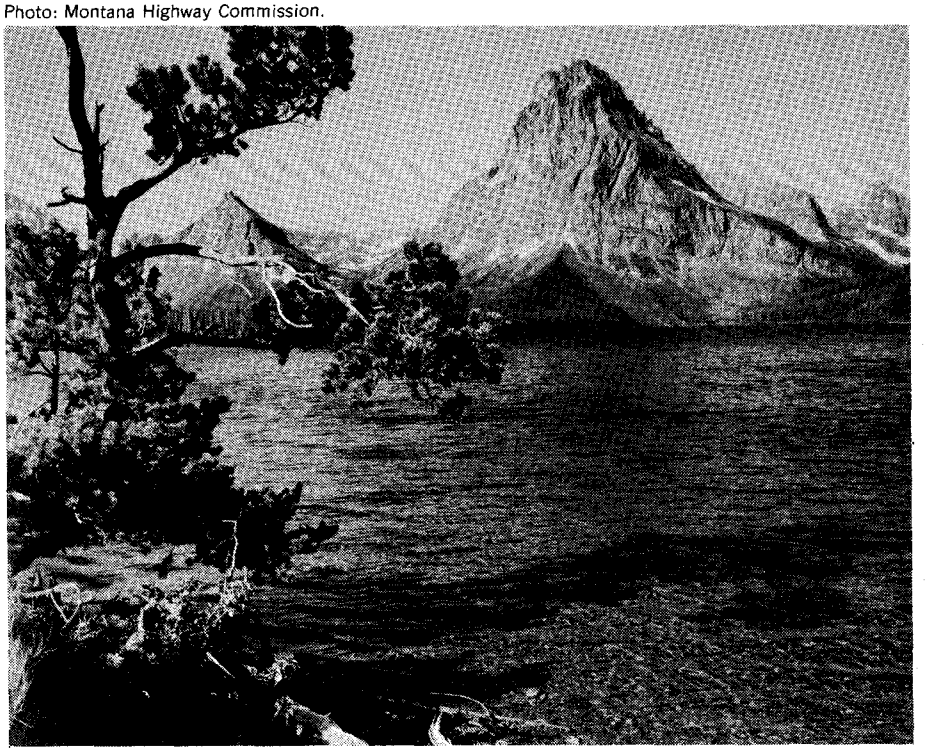
Then, with Bird Woman to translate, Captain Lewis was able to barter for a fair number of horses.

Which way out of Shoshone country? The Columbia arose from jagged ranges, and dropped through impassable gorges. The Indians claimed that there was no route across the mountains by land or water. Members of the expedition explored in various directions, but August was almost ended before a portage was decided upon.

Winter threatened; frost covered the ground every morning. Pails of water froze solidly. The valleys were dotted with the signal fires of the Shoshone and the Chinook, who were rallying for their winter trek down the Missouri. Elk and bighorn sheep were leaving the higher ranges.

All during September the expedition struggled through the mountains, following the Bitterroot Valley. They met occasional small bands of Indians, first the Kutenai and then the Nez Perce—friendly tribes, but with little to spare in the way of food, fodder, or horses. Snow began to fall. To make an entry in the all-important journal, Lewis had to build a fire and thaw out his frozen ink!

Photo: Montana Highway Commission.



Beautiful Rockies of Montana; mountains were spectacular, but nearly impassable to the expedition.

As winter closed in, large game vanished. The men ate beaver, grouse, crane, coyote, wild berries. Finally they killed a pony and ate it. With his usual brand of humor Lewis named one stream Colt-killed Creek, and the next one Hungry Creek.

Most of the explorers were ill, yet they were inspired by Bird Woman who trudged on, never complaining, even though burdened with a nursing baby. And when starvation threatened the explorers she taught them a Shoshone trick of survival. Deep in the ground, she said, there are always roots. Some are poisonous and many are bitter; but a few are safe to eat.

Only Bird Woman knew how to recognize the edible kinds, and to her fell the task of digging. She unearthed the bulbs of the wild hyacinth, the carrot-like tubers of the hog fennel and the squaw-root. This was a harsh diet, and some of the

(Continued on page 44)

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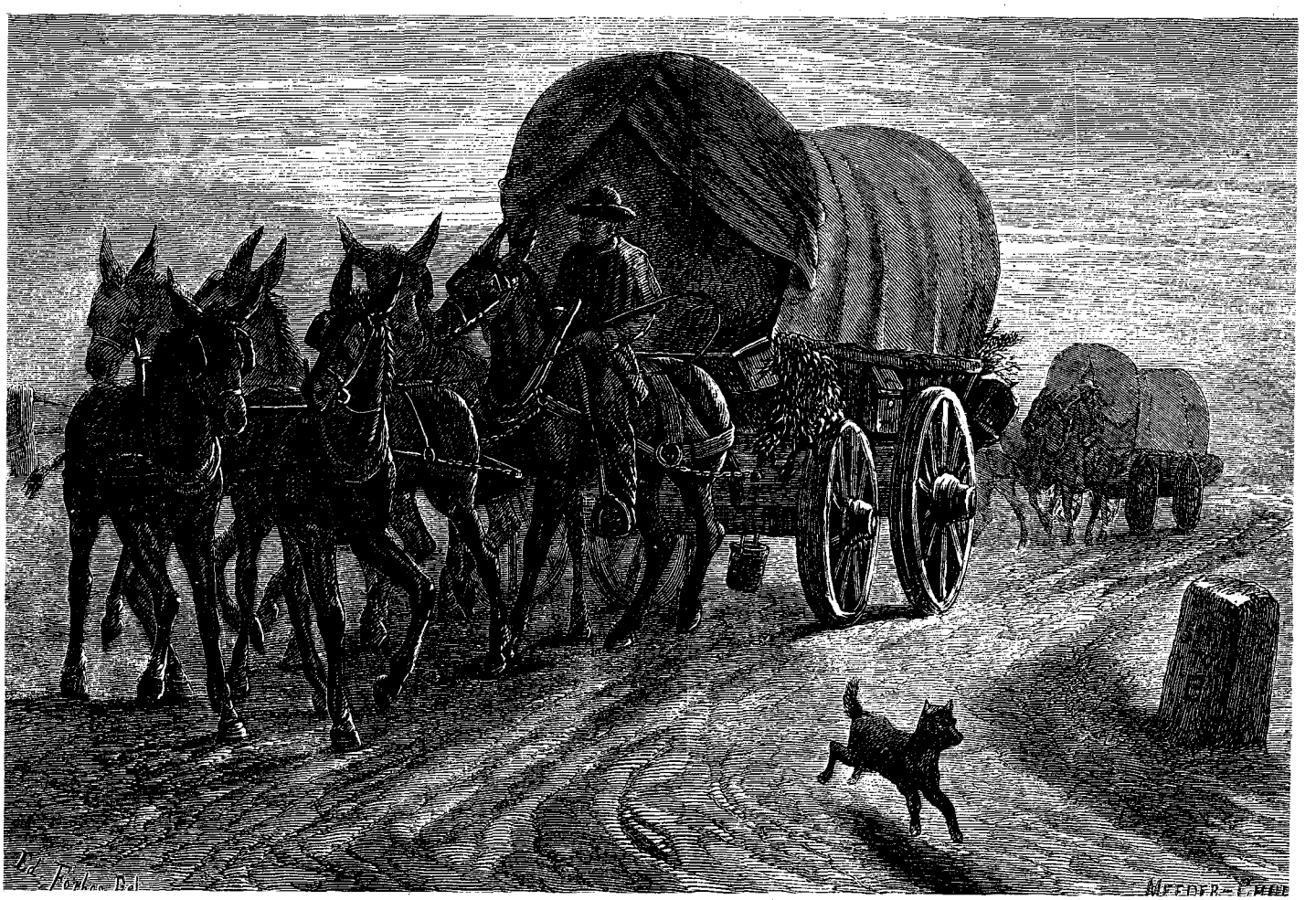
BACK WHEN HORSES

Illus: American Agriculturist, 1870.

Wild mustangs trained as work horses by Mexicans of early Texas and California had tremendous speed, endurance.



Thousands of wild mustangs, roaming plains of Texas, delighted in stampeding settlers' horses and mules.

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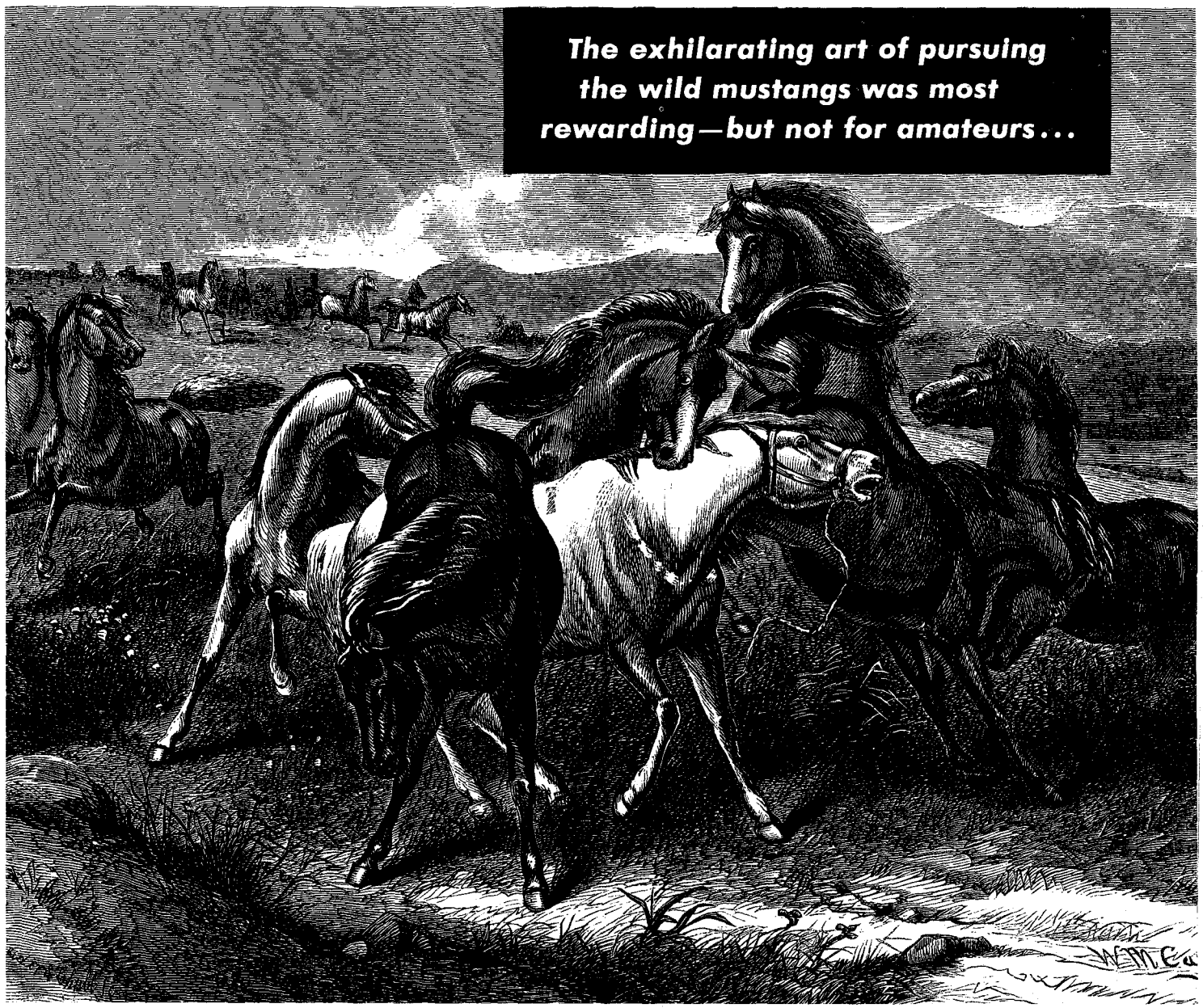
WE'RE FREE — ALMOST

The exhilarating art of pursuing the wild mustangs was most rewarding—but not for amateurs...



A rare depiction, by artist-reporter Wm. Carey, of wild mustangs attacking a domestic (white) horse.

by Clay Tontz

THE IDEA OF GETTING something for nothing appeals to each and all of us and so you can imagine the lure of the wild mustang that grazed the vast Texas prairies by the thousands before the turn of the century, and was "out there for the taking."

Many a tenderfoot winded a hundred dollar horse, spent two hundred for provisions and took 30 days to capture a five dollar plug... but he probably had five hundred dollars worth of fun.

Old Western books are replete with tales of the legendary wild stallion who was chased over hill and dale until he was either captured or he escaped forever and sent his ghost back to haunt cattle drives and cowboys coming back late Saturday night from the saloon—probably in a high state of non-sobriety.

Records show that few of the wild stallions were taken in their prime. Considering their tasks of managing a harem that would make a sultan of Persia look modest indeed, keeping the junior executive stallions in line, deciding when the daughters were to be chased out into the world (to prevent inbreeding) and warding off wolf packs, one would feel that the job of escaping capture by man would be one of the lesser chores of the day. Also an ace-in-the-hole was the stallion's habit of driving his herd—not leading it. He was behind his family when approaching, and ahead of it during a fast leave-taking. But he was anything but cowardly; smart would be the word for it.

Backed up by 400 years of practice, the early Indians had the wild horse-catching business down to an exact science. Back around 1810 a couple *(Continued on page 66)*

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by Maurice Kildare

SAGA OF

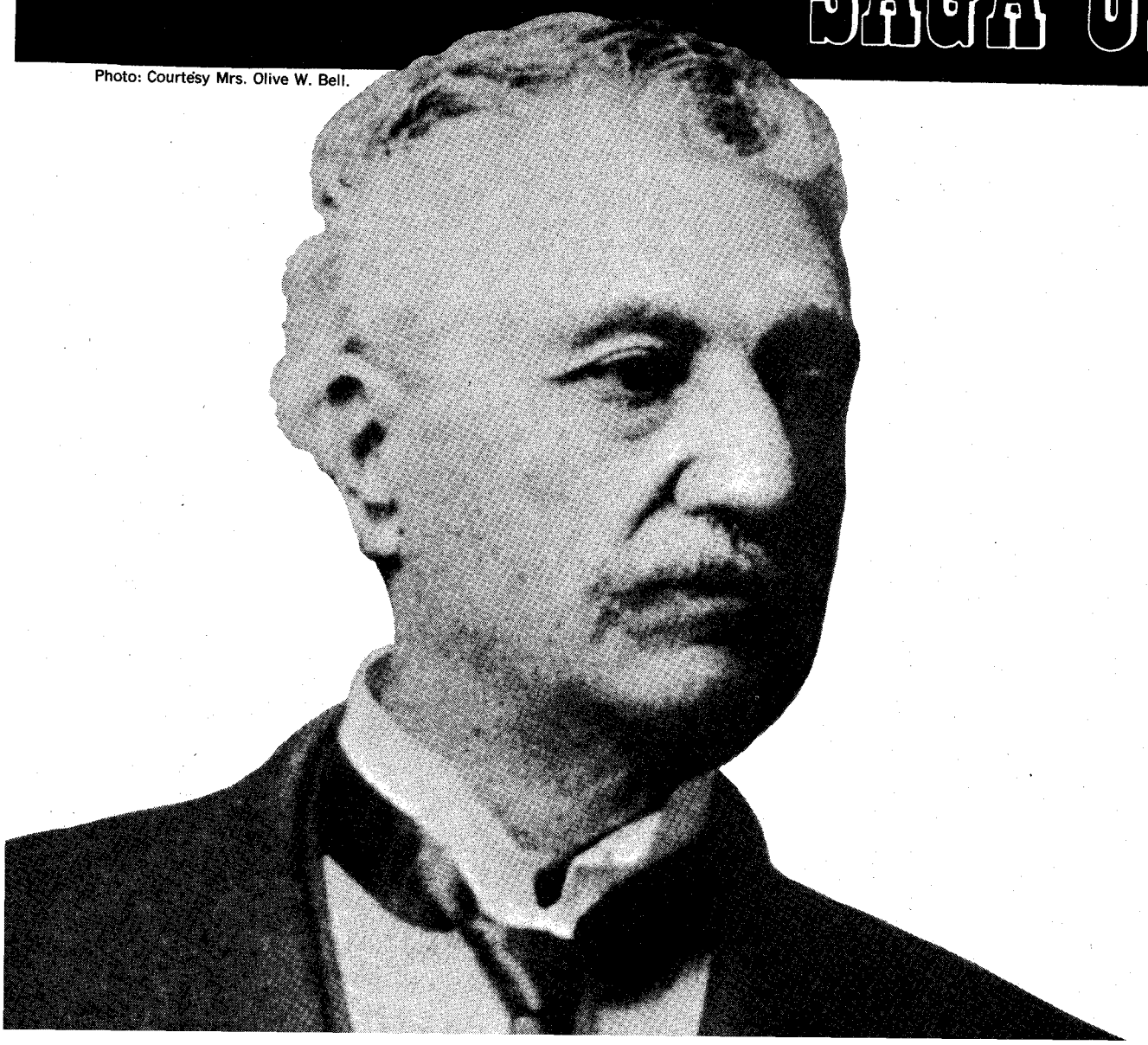

Photo: Courtesy Mrs. Olive W. Bell.

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THE GALLANT SHERIFF

As a young man he had worked successively as railroader, miner, politician, soldier and rancher, and was flawless at all of these endeavors... but he was really in his element when he donned the sheriff's badge, with a flair for crime deduction which made him one of the greats...

THE LAST ISSUE of Silver City's *Southwest Sentinel* for November, 1883, blazoned the black headlines: First Train Robbery—Masked Cowboys Kill Engineer—Rob Passengers, Mail Car!

The account detailed how the conductor and a passenger were robbed and the mail car pilfered. Erroneously the weekly reported that six cowboys pulled the job, whereas only four were in on it.

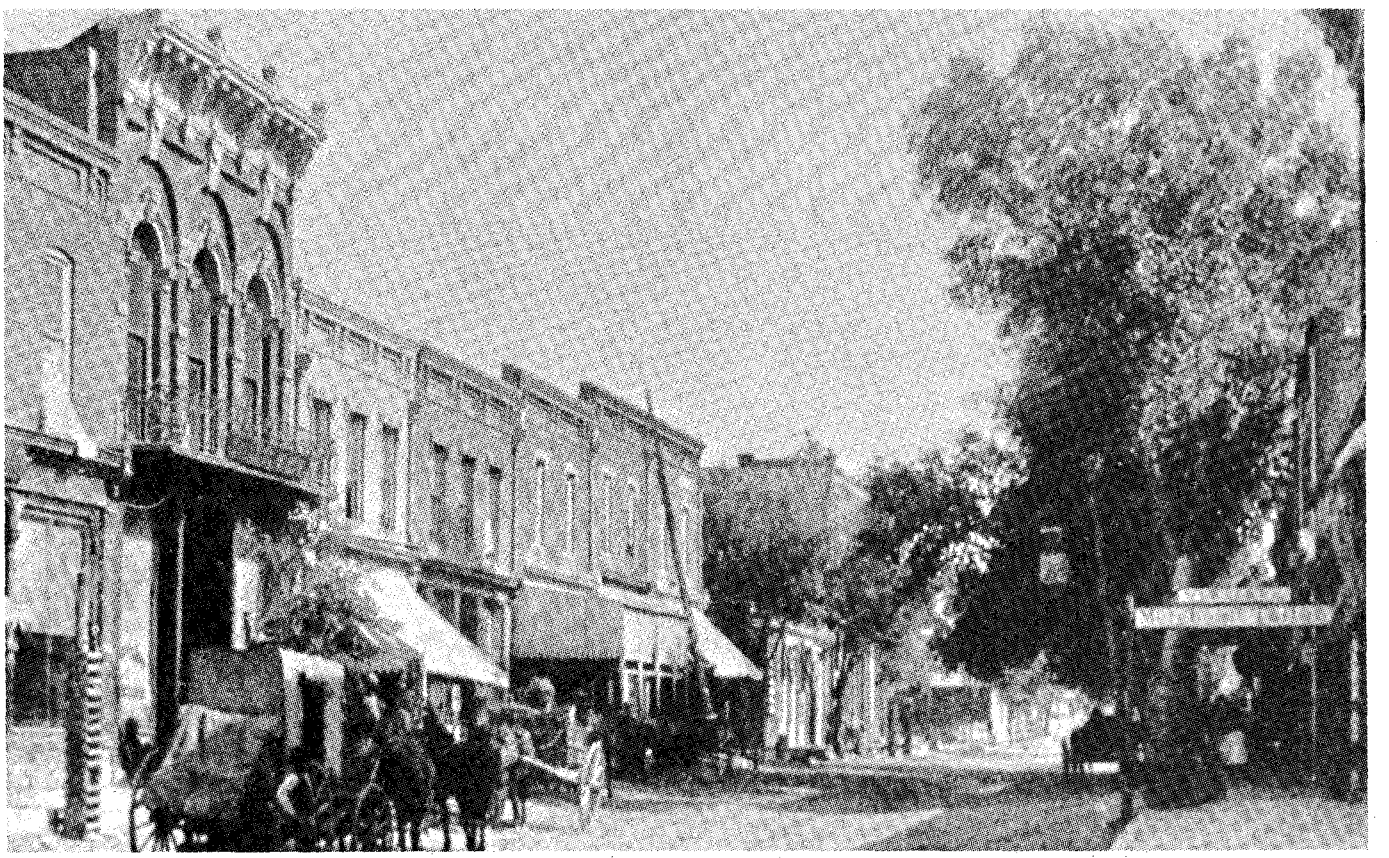
For three weeks not one clue developed leading to identification and apprehension of the robbers. Seething in wrath over failure of railroad officers, and federal and territorial lawmen, Wells Fargo Express offered a reward of $2,000 for each of the cowboy bandits. This, too, produced nothing! Officials of Wells Fargo then approached cowman Harvey Howard Whitehill of Silver City, asking him to assume the almost hopeless task of running down the train-robbing cowboys.

After nearly ten years as county sheriff, Whitehill had quit to devote his time to raising cattle on the Mimbres River, something he had been dreaming of doing for a long time. His family had continued to live in town. Then came the Southern Pacific train robbery six miles east of Gage, on November 24, 1883.

Engineer Theopolis C. Webster had spotted the removal of the rails just in time to prevent wrecking the train. Yelling a warning at the fireman, he threw the air brakes. Before the train ground to a halt the fireman leaped from his side of the cab. Webster prepared to do the same, but a bullet from nowhere pierced his heart, dropping him lifeless beside the engine.

Four masked robbers hastened to the express and mail cars; Conductor Zack Vail, coming off the near coach, lost $135 to the bandits. Chicagoan Charles A. Gaskill, disembarking out of mere curiosity, contributed $200 and a gold watch to the bandits. The express messenger opened up on demand, but the through safe was locked. The robbers got $800 from a wayside shipment and departed, melting away into the desert.

Author's Photo.



Silver City, 1882; first white child born there, in early '70s, was sheriff's son, Wayne Whitehill.

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The brakeman, leaving the end of the last car, discovered the holdup in progress. Ducking to escape detection he ran all the way back to Gage, sending out the alarm. That night a special train from Deming brought out officers, Wells Fargo agents and an additional fifty heavily armed men. Their combined efforts developed no leads and no results.

Upon entering the case Whitehill nosed at a cold trail. Proceeding to Deming he interviewed railroad men, hoping to uncover any overlooked clue, and learned from the express messenger that one of the bandits had a black skin. At Gage while circling the scene of the holdup he found a Kansas-published newspaper caught in a thorny bush. It was addressed to a storekeeper in Gage, who recognized it. Morever, he recalled wrapping some food in it for a Negro cowboy the morning of the holdup.

Returning to Silver City, Whitehill set about locating the whereabouts of local Negro cowboys. They were scarce in New Mexico, a fact he was already aware of. But he did learn of one at the LC outfit of Thomas Lyons and Angus Campbell, on Duck Creek. Going to the "White House" headquarters of the ranch he found that the cowboy, Cleveland, was gone. At the same time he left three other cowboys had quit. They were Mitchell (Mitch) Lee, Frank Taggart and Kit Joy. Generally, they answered descriptions of the train robbers.

The three cowboys had given no indication of future plans, but Cleveland had mentioned he was going to visit friends in Socorro, and there Whitehill soon had the muzzle of his gun prodding the cowboy's broad back.

As his hands went up he demanded indignantly, "What you want with me?"

"You know. For shooting the train engineer."

"No, no, no!" Cleveland cried in terror, and blurted, "It was Mitch Lee that killed him!"

In the local jail and on the train ride back to Silver City Cleveland confessed details of the robbery. In particular he told where his criminal companions had fled to safety in Arizona. Temporary safety, perhaps, because Whitehill pursued them there, arresting Taggart near Duncan. With a posse helping, Lee and Joy were captured hiding in a line cabin north on the San Francisco River. With the bandits locked in jail, Whitehill, after successful conclusion of the case, bowed out of the picture. But they were not long incarcerated, because on March 10, 1884, the four broke out of jail, taking with them two youths, Carlos Chavez, convicted of murder, and Charles Spencer, awaiting trial for horse stealing.

Seizing weapons from the jail armory—the deputies had been locked in with the prisoners who had unaccountably refused to leave—the six grabbed needed horses from the Elephant Corral. Riding the Fort Bayard road a short distance, they quit it for the foothills. But they were seen by J.C. Jackson in a one-horse express wagon. Suspicious, he unhooked and trailed them, riding bareback, until a posse led by Deputy Sheriff Tom Hall caught up.

The posse closed in, and during a furious fight several were wounded. Cleveland was shot between the eyes, and instantly killed. Chavez had the top of his head blown off and Spencer quickly surrendered. Lee, Joy and Taggart escaped afoot onto a rocky, tree-studded hillside.

The fight continued the balance of the hot afternoon. Out of ammunition and with Lee fatally wounded and Taggart also critically shot, the pair surrendered. Joy escaped, first killing posseman Joseph N. Laferand.

Jackson's wagon was brought up, and the dead and wounded loaded into it. Enroute to town after nightfall the posse reached a big tree, where they paused to hang the dying Lee and the wounded Taggart. Joy was recaptured a few days later on the Gila River, his left leg so badly shot up below the knee, it had to be amputated. Tried in another county, he was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment on November 20, 1884. After serving twelve years he was released on February 20, 1896.

Photo: Courtesy Mrs. Olive W. Bell.

Mrs. Harriet Stevens Whitehill—loved and admired.

The handsome, six-foot-two Whitehill was a frontiersman of sterling qualities. His outstanding work of running down the Gage train robbers merely added to the renowned New Mexican's coup stick. He was by far the old Southwest's first and most capable detective.

Born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, September 2, 1837, he engaged briefly in railroading. In 1858 he went west, prospecting on Cherry Creek (Denver) in Colorado, then at Leadville, and one year in Russell Gulch. A staunch Democrat, he gained political stature as sergeant-at-arms of the first Colorado Territorial Legislature (1859-1860).

Returning to mining, 1861-1862, he took $12,000 out of the ground before enlisting in the Union Army. After a period of active duty at Fort Union he was honorably discharged.

While in the army he had married the beautiful Harriet M. Stevens in Denver, in 1865. She was the school mistress at Ocate, and had come west with her family from Maine in 1857.

The Whitehills established a home in Elizabethtown, New Mexico. After five years of mining they moved, in 1870, into southern New Mexico Territory, settling at the cienegas in the Pinos Altos foothills. This lush, meadowy spot became Silver City when rich mines were discovered in the nearby mountains. The first white child born there was their son, Wayne Whitehill.

Harvey Howard Whitehill was soon appointed county coroner. When the incumbent sheriff, who was also the tax assessor and collector, absconded to Mexico with the county's funds, he was appointed and then elected to that office.

A quiet, soft-spoken man, Whitehill seldom wore a gun, or drew one while arresting the most desperate outlaws. In no way was he a boastful, gunhawk sheriff. Gentle mannered, he resorted to violence only when it was unavoidable.

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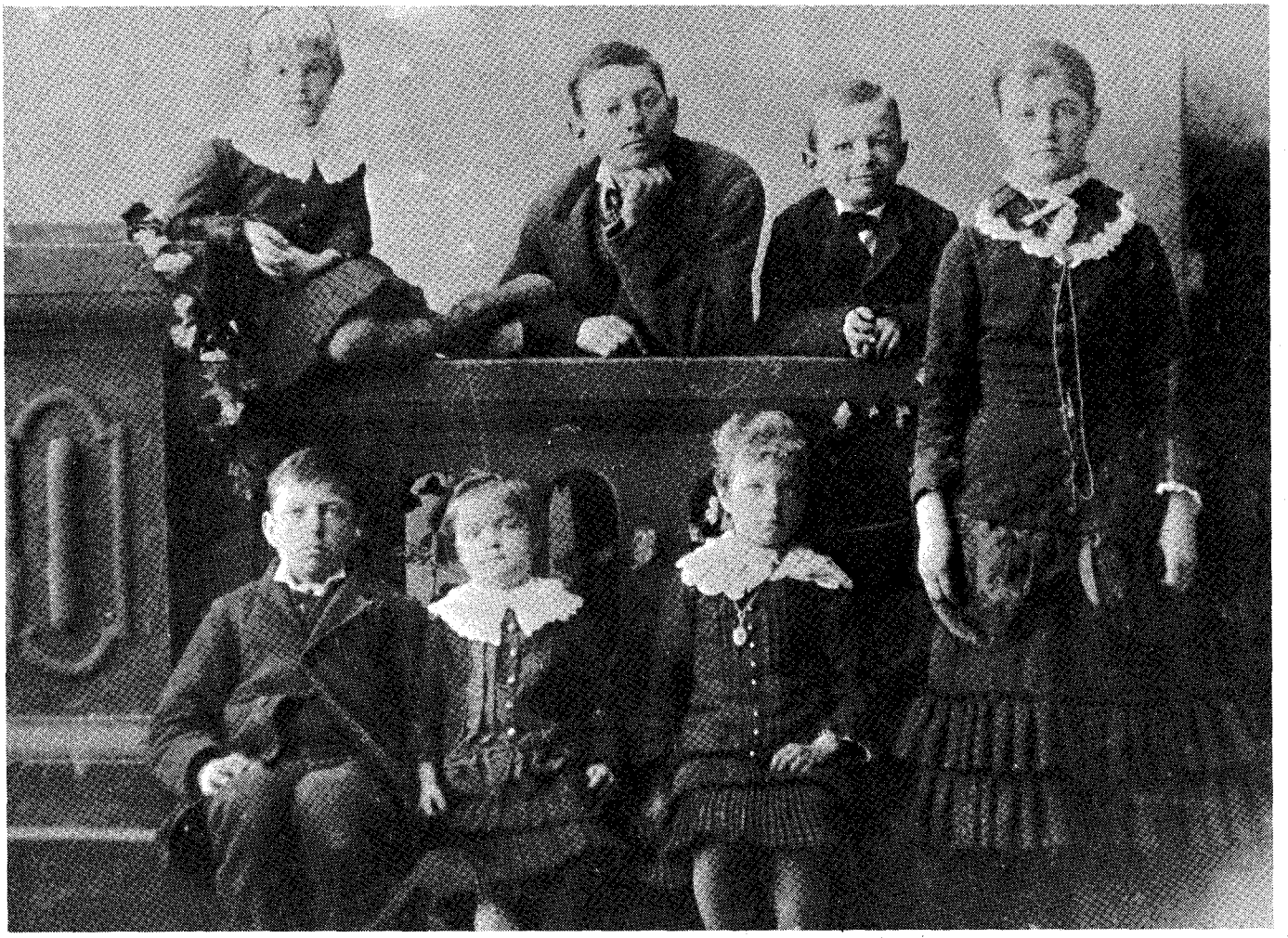
Photo: Courtesy Mrs. Olive W. Bell.



Seven of sheriff's nine children; (top): Harriet, Harry, Cornelius and Emma; (below): Wayne, Olive, Josie. (Olive, who is now Mrs. Olive W. Bell, 86 years old, is only surviving child of Harvey and Harriet.)

When he became sheriff Silver City vied with Dodge City and Deadwood as a place where killers held sway. But gunmen and outlaws soon found it prudent to stay out of his bailiwick. Only a few stubborn ones had to learn the hard way.

A gang of stock thieves and bank robbers rode in to "hoorah" the town. When they cut loose late at night, Whitehill kissed his family, strapped on his gun and went after them. Catching two in a dive who had just emptied their weapons at lighted windows across the street, he corraled them. The one who offered to fight was quickly knocked down with Whitehill's gun barrel. Four more were gathered in before the rest concluded it was wise to streak for parts unknown. Anyway, as it turned out, he had luckily arrested the prize desperadoes of the gang.

Mrs. Whitehill was a loyal and helpful sheriff's wife, although she much preferred the solitude of a cattle ranch. Of course she worried over his safety, but never revealed it to others. The night the gang terrorized the town she waited in a darkened room while the children slept peacefully in their beds, until he returned at daybreak.

One day two hardcases drifted into Silver City who aroused Whitehill's dire suspicions. The pair behaved themselves until one of them held up a saloon poker game after sundown. That one disappeared, and his partner couldn't be found, either. Before daylight Whitehill learned that the wanted one took his horse from a feed lot. With breaking day the sheriff set out following those horse tracks. The trace led towards Fort Bayard before cutting west into Cherry Creek Canyon. Tracking until after midday, the sheriff unexpectedly heard the crack of a gun and a bullet whined closely past his head.

He worked carefully around the *(Continued on page 52)*

Photo: Courtesy Mrs. Olive W. Bell.

Beautiful Olive Whitehill in 1895 photo.

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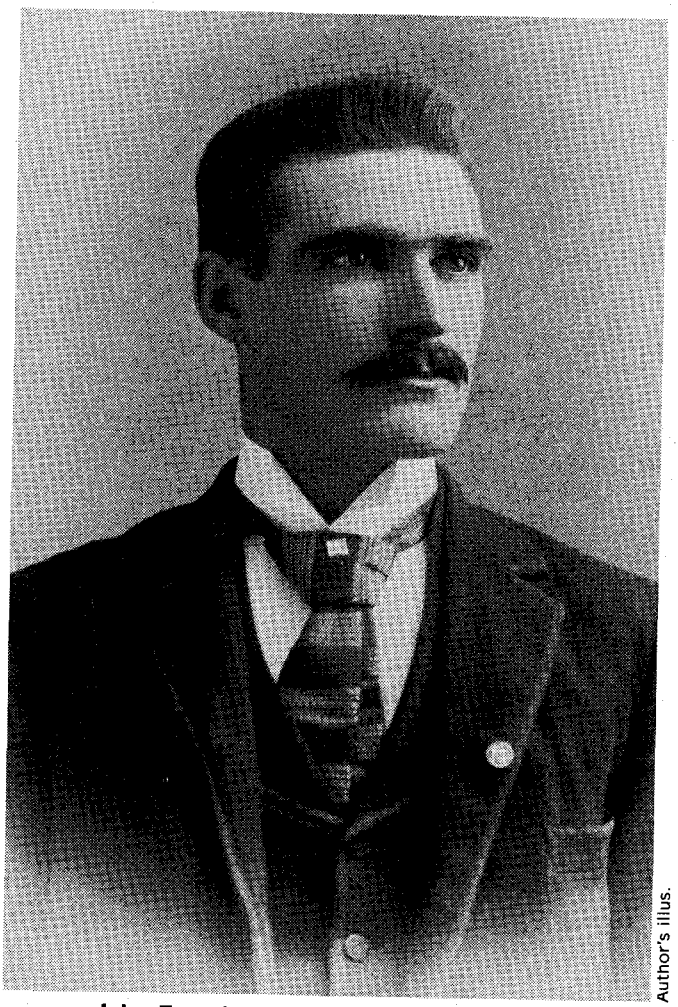
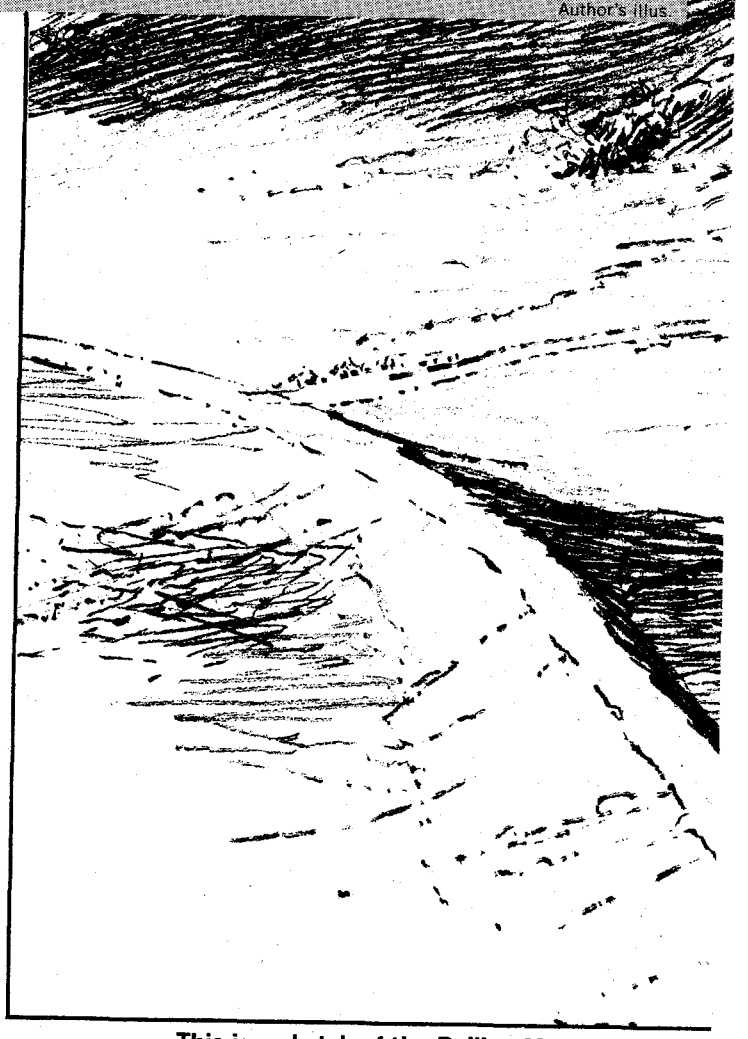
THE SHOOTING DOWN

Buster was unloading some furniture from his truck when he knocked the gun from out of his holster and it went off and killed him. Of all the shooting scrapes he had been in, it was unbelievable that Buster had to go and shoot himself with his own gun...



Author's illus.

John Fox—he was a hard man to kill.



Author's illus.

This is a sketch of the Rolling M furnished

by Lee Nelson

I OFTEN THINK of some of my old friends or associates that I used to work with and knew so well. They were good and true friends. Although they did not always stay within the law they still had pride, and if you lent them a dollar or a hundred you did not have to have their signature, as their word was as good as gold. You never were in any doubt as to how you stood with them—you were their friend or you would know different before too long.

I had one old friend that I worked with for quite a few years. We had stayed in camp together in hot summers and lots of cold winters, and always got along very well. His name was Frank Baker. When I first knew him I was just a kid working for the Phillips outfit south of Malta, Montana. He had been working for the Coburns up to the time that they had sold out to the Madador Cattle Co., and then he came over to the Phillips spread. He was always "boss" on one of their ranches or camps, and usually a range boss during the summer.

He was a heavy chunk of a man, weighing about 180 pounds or better, and could always take care of himself in any kind of battle. He always carried a Colt 45 with a seven-inch barrel, and it always went under his pillow when he went to bed. He liked to get a good joke on you and would lay awake at nights figuring just how to job some one or somebody. He would do anything for a good big laugh. When he was running a crew, he had quite a time with his men, as they had to do a good

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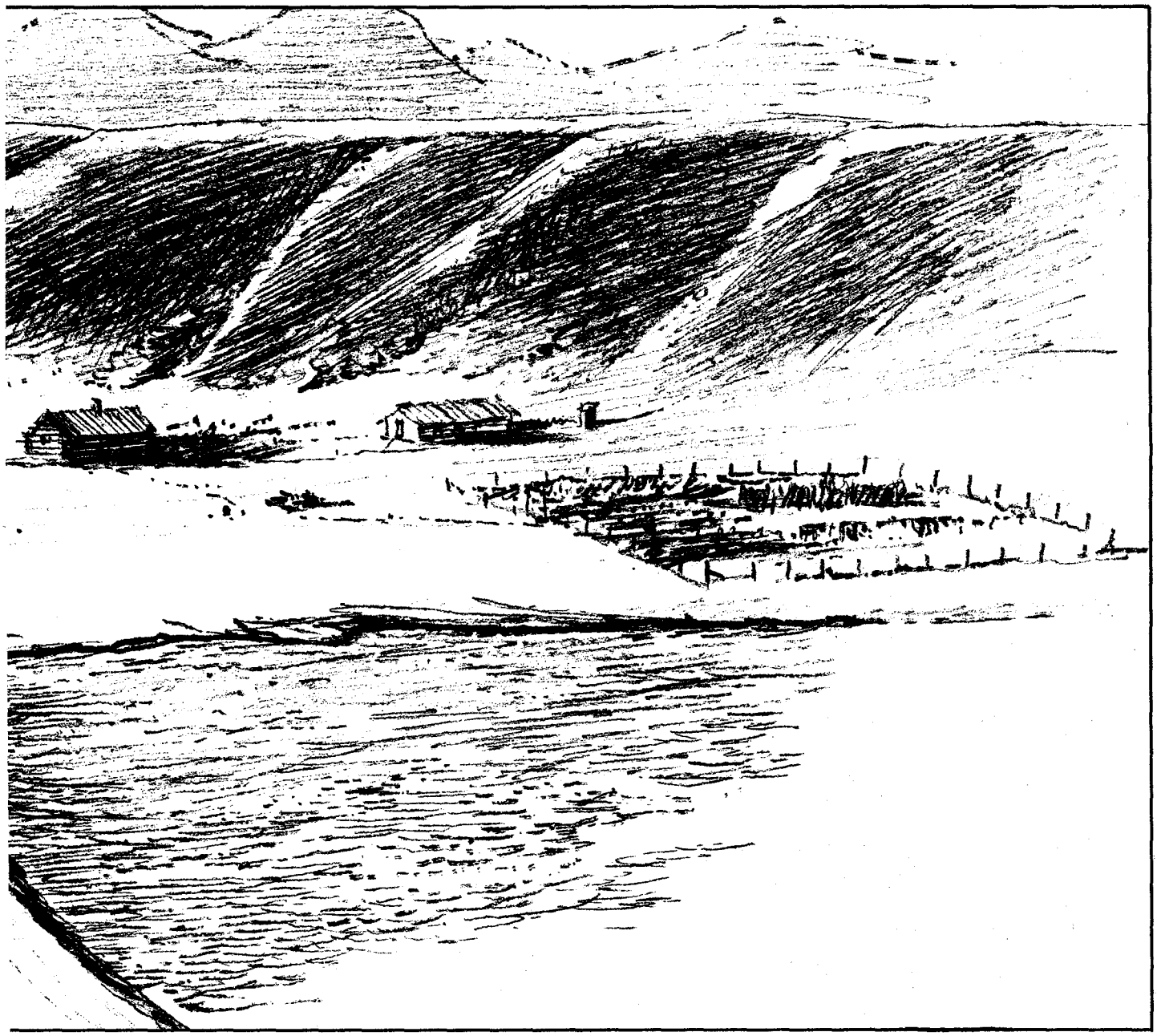
ON THE ROLLING M



by the author; hereabouts played the good and true old friends of the author, including the impulsive Baker.

day's work or they went down the road. But Baker was good to a man that worked good or tried to do what was right.

Luck and fate had already gone against him. Once, in the winter of 1914, he was lost in a bad blizzard looking for a band of sheep that got away from the herder camped at the Parit place while he was with the Coburns. I can't say if he found the sheep or saw anything of them that night, but he came into a homesteader's place about daybreak (their name was Crawford). Mrs. Crawford told me that when Baker took one of his shoes off, and his foot hit the floor, it sounded as it would have if you had dropped a rock.

Baker had to be taken to Malta and the doctor had to remove the front parts of both feet. He had not much more than his heels to walk on. but he learned to get around very well and could do as good a day's work as the man with two good feet.

Baker had started up a couple of places for himself. One was about twelve miles south of Malta. He got it built up fairly well, then sold it and went back to work for Phillips for a few years. He then bought a place down on the Missouri River which was known as the Frank Warren place. It was stocked with a couple of hundred head of nice cattle and he was doing well. But a man came along and made him a good offer on the ranch and cattle, so Baker sold it to him. The buyer's name was S.L. "Shorty" Withrow.

Baker had a house up in Zortman, Montana, and went there for a short time, then went to work for Phillips again. When he was not working for Phillips, he could always be found

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scratching out a little money around his place in Zortman.

He knew livestock and it was said that he could winter a bunch of cows on a rock pile or a band of sheep on a sage brush flat. He liked to fight with fists, feet or gun. I have seen him wade into three or four at a time. He'd take his old 45 by the barrel and keep them down. And if he had to, he would turn the gun around and hold them off.

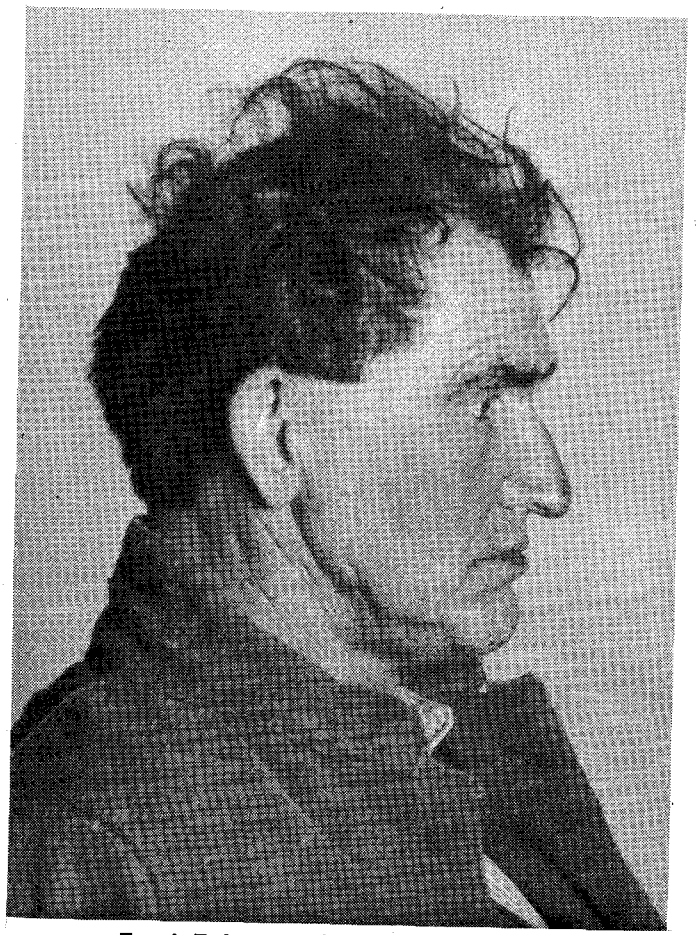
He had been shot up, cut up, and been in lots of horse accidents and car wrecks, broke up to where you would think no human being could go through that and still be alive. He could stand much pain, and come out of it with very little doctoring, or none at all.

Baker had an old friend or partner in crime for fun or devilment whose name was Buster Hienel. Buster's mother ran a store and restaurant in Zortman, and he stayed with her most of the time and helped her to some extent—when he was not working some place else or running around. When Baker and Buster got together and had a few drinks, something always happened.

They decided to go to Malta late one afternoon. Buster had a little old model-T ford. The back seat had been removed and been replaced with a box; the car had no top and no windshield. As they headed down the road, they decided instead that they would stop and see an old fellow by the name of John Fox who lived about fifteen miles down the road. Fox had been an old harness maker all his life and was up into his sixties.

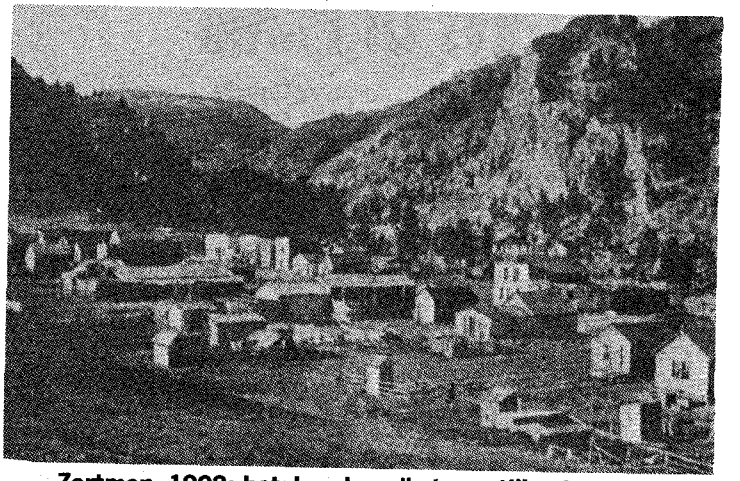
The last few years he had been going around from one big ranch to the other repairing harness, staying one to three weeks at a ranch. The harness business was getting slower each year, so Fox had filed for a homestead down on the Rolling M. He built a log cabin, a chicken house and had put in a fair sized garden. He had a still working for him and was doing a bootlegging business on the side. He also had about a hundred chickens, and each week would send a few dozen eggs up on

Author's illus.



Frank Baker—he liked to hoist a few.

Photo: Courtesy Phillips County News, 1959.



Zortman, 1908; hotel and gen'l store still going.

the stage to the stores in Zortman. His place sat just northwest of the west end of the Rolling M dam.

It was a hot day about the last of July or the first part of August. Buster and Baker pulled in John Fox's yard as it was getting about dusk. The sun had sunk behind the Little Rockies, the moon was rising and was glistening on the still waters of the Rolling M lake. It was a beautiful, peaceful evening, and every one was glad to meet and order a few rounds of the old white mule that flowed so gently and plentifully. They talked about the good old days and what they all had done in building old Montana, and each one thought for sure that he had played his part and had played it well, because none of them had come to Montana by rail. The night had passed happily and fast. Stud poker was played until the wee hours of the morning, and the sun was now coming up and glistening on the still clear water as the moon had done the night before. But now everything was different; fifteen to twenty hours of drinking had changed things a lot.

There were arguments over the poker game, as to who had cheated and who had won. There were arguments over the bootleg whiskey—who had paid and who had not. One word led to another until it ended up in fighting. Apparently Buster and Baker decided to chop Fox's head off. They dragged him out to the chopping block at the wood pile where Baker then got Fox down over the block and Buster was supposed to do the axe job. Buster said the axe was no good and he knew of a better one in the house. But Baker told Buster to do the bull-dogging part in holding Fox and he would do the axe work. But in making the change Fox got away and ran to his garden.

Fox had been hoeing his garden the afternoon of the day before and had taken his double barrel shotgun with him to shoot the hawks that were bothering his chickens. Buster had no idea why Fox ran to the garden until Fox lifted the gun to his shoulder and let Baker have both barrels. Fox piled Baker up at the chopping block, and reloaded twice and aimed at Buster. But the time that he took to reload gave Buster time to get away. Buster had no gun on him, but he made it over to a low place and got down behind the dam.

He had some shot pellets in him but was able to make it over to the Madador ranch. He thought he would call from there and report it, thinking Baker was dead, but the phone at the ranch was out of order. So Buster got some one to take him to Zortman.

By that time somebody had come by the Rolling M, talked to Fox, and then reported it. To this day we don't know who it was that did the first calling.

Jake Myers was manager down at the Phillips home ranch and was a good friend of Baker's from their days together over at the Coburns. Someone had called Jake and told him there had been a shooting down at the Rolling M and that Baker was killed. We never knew who called Jake, but when he called

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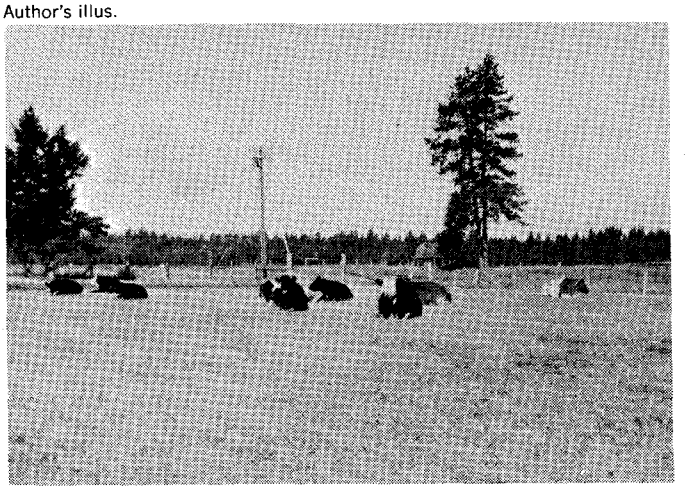
Author's illus.



Lee Nelson's current spread, Kalispell, Mont.

Malta they said they had the report and would get out as soon as they could.

I was at the Phillips ranch at the time, just returned from the Whitcomb ranch where I had taken a load of supplies. I had just gotten my horses taken care of when Jake came running out and said that Baker had been shot down at the Rolling M by Fox and for me to come at once and we would go down there, about fifteen miles south of the Phillips Home Ranch. Jake said that he was expecting someone out from Malta, since they had been notified. Either the sheriff, the undertaker or the county doctor would show up.

When we got there Fox was sitting on the doorstep, his six-shooter strapped to his hip and his shotgun by his side. We went to Baker and found that he was still alive, lying in a pool of blood that would make you wonder how he could still be a-breathing. Fox said that he had put four loads in Buster and that he might be lying down behind the dam wounded or dead.

Jake went and got Baker some water and told me to go and look for Buster. I went and searched but found no sign of him.

When I got back to the yard, Dr. Blankenhorn had just pulled in. He looked at Baker and said that he had lost too much blood to live. He said that if he was still alive when we got to Malta, and if we could get there in time to catch the train going east, he would send him down to Glasgow, Montana, where they had a good hospital, about eighty miles east of Malta.

We started out. I knew for sure that the doctor had no hopes, for he kept saying that Baker had lost too much blood. Jake winked at me and said that Doc didn't know him like him and me did. Jake told the doctor the only way they could kill Baker would be to cut his head off and hide it; he was not going to die. If anything at all could be done for him to jump in and do it.

We got about ten miles north to the hog ranch that was also the Phillips Post Office. It was run by an old fellow by the name of Carl Ekland. He also had a store and restaurant there, and it was sort of a half-way house at the time.

Baker had asked for more water. Doc went into the kitchen and came out with a dish cloth and tied Baker's arm tight to his body, which was the very first-aid that I ever saw. So we started out for Malta again and made it this time.

Baker was very weak, so they got a nurse to go down to Glasgow with him. There wasn't much hide or flesh holding the arm to his body, and he was shot in the neck and shoulders quite bad, too, but he made it to the hospital. We heard in a few days that Baker was doing better than was expected, and about a week later I took the train down to see him, bringing along some clothes and money for him. He was sitting up in bed and wanted to come home.

Dr. Hoyt was looking after him. He was a good doctor and a nice man and I asked him if he had had any trouble stopping the blood. He said Baker had almost none left and must have been living on his reputation. He just did not know how Baker could be alive in the bloodless condition he was in.

I came home the next day and it did not seem to be a very long time until Baker was back. He stayed in Zortman at home until he got some strength back. That winter he took a job as watchman at the Ruby Mine. The next spring he was back at the Phillips ranch and lambed two bands of sheep and did a good job of it.

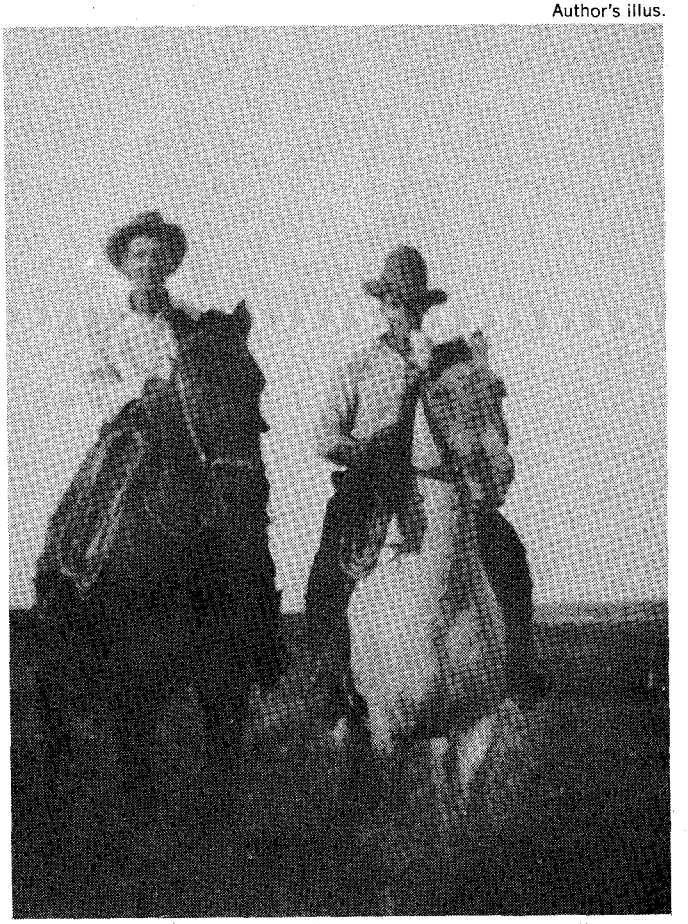
In those days they ran large bands, never less than twenty-five hundred head. It would take a crew of six to eight men, and I always worked for Baker. Jake Myers always said that Baker made the best lambings of all their lambing bosses.

The first spring after the shooting, when it turned hot, those shot pellets would get to iching under Baker's skin. He would get me and another fellow to take a razor and cut them out. We had to go deep for some of them and Baker would growl a bit, but he would grit his teeth and take it all pretty well. He would say, "Just so you get them."

Baker had refused to talk to the county attorney or the sheriff about the shooting, and would sign no complaint against Fox. He said they would settle their own troubles. The only charge that they could put on Fox was for making whiskey and possessing it, for which he served sixty days in jail. After serving his time he went back to his homestead on the Rolling M and things were quiet for a year or so. Then all at once they were back in jail.

Baker had three warrants served on him. One for arson, one for grand larceny, and one for butchering a beef. The grand larceny charge was for stealing furniture out of a house before burning it down. The furniture was found at Baker's house and Fox's, for he was in on it, too. Baker had just leased his house and told me the furniture was in that house at the time. But Fox claimed that the furniture in question had always been his. Baker was bonded right away and his trial set for the next term of court that would come up after the first of the year—that would be January, 1927. *(Continued on page 67)*

Author's illus.



Author Lee Nelson is on the cream-colored horse in this picture taken in 1916. Phil Stazel, left.

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CAMELS In The CARIBOO

The camels had won the very first skirmish—the brutes would hug the ship until high tide! Later the double-humps would wreak powerful mischief involving the rout of a long line of pack-mules, and the bitter loss of untold barrels of good whiskey!

by Ruth M. Herberg

THERE WAS PLENTY of excitement in old Fort Victoria that spring day more than a century ago—April 14, 1862, to be exact. The shrill sound of a steamboat whistle echoed against the palisades.

"Hi-yu waw waw!" shouted the Indians, dropping their tools and rushing to the wharf. The arrival of the *Hermann* with its cargo of camels was the biggest thing yet to hit the little settlement at the tip of Vancouver Island. This unprecedented event, the importation of camels for freighting goods and food into the Cariboo, had been the subject of excited talk for weeks.

"The Cariboo" may be an ambiguous term, but it was adequate for the times, as it embraced all the virgin country drained by the Fraser River. Ever since gold had been discovered on the upper river, Fort Victoria had been besieged by hopeful prospectors. The town itself consisted only of a small British garrison and a Hudson's Bay trading post, but surrounding the stockade were camped at least 2,000 self-styled argonauts, all clamoring for supplies and transportation.

They had come from California aboard steamboats so crowded that the men had to sleep in shifts on the decks. From nearer points, such as Bellingham and Port Townsend, they had come in sailboats, rowboats and dugouts. Many of them were Forty-Niners, with the gold fever still in their bones.

As the *Hermann* approached, the watchers could see the camels in their makeshift deck stalls. Very few of the whites, and certainly none of the native Indians, had ever seen a camel. The unloading began at once, but the dock workers were met by snarls and sudden threat of ugly yellow teeth. The trip from the Mongolian desert to this little frontier town had been long and arduous, and the camels evidently had had enough.

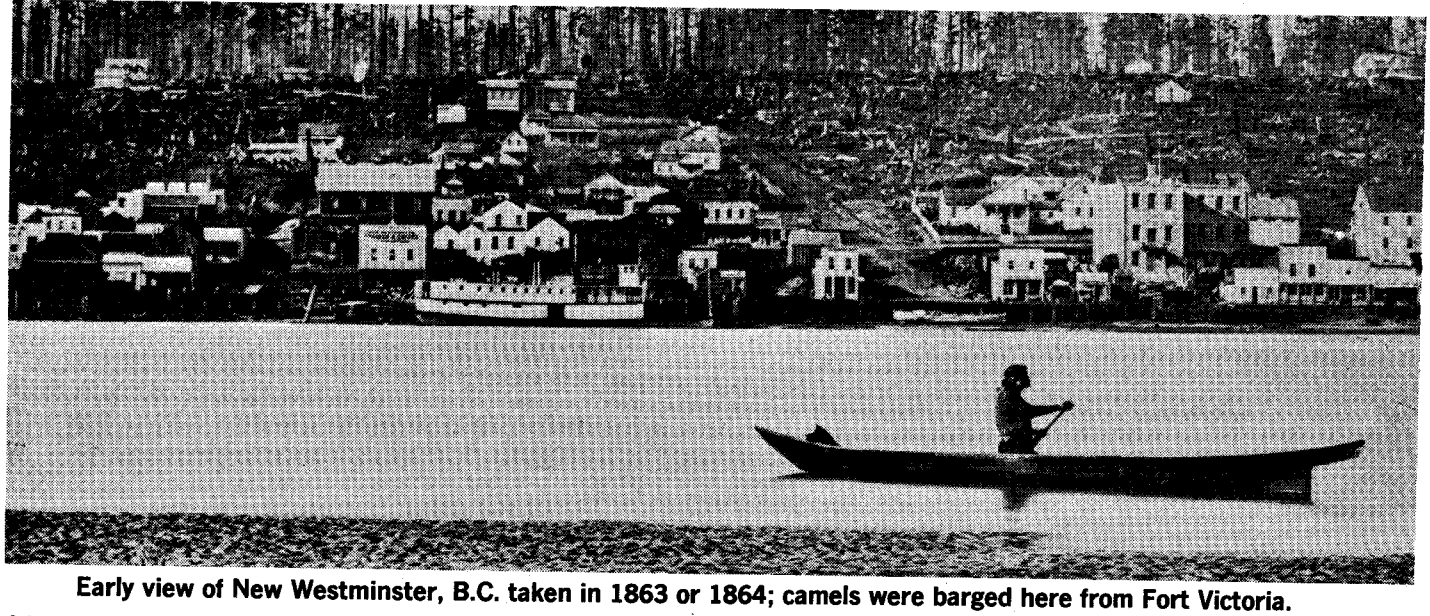
Circumstances seemed to favor their revolt. The tide was receding and the gangplank leaned at a more and more precarious angle. Obviously debarkation would have to await another high tide. The camels had won their first skirmish.

By morning, the camels had rested, and their supercilious equanimity was restored. They were led without difficulty to a small field at the corner of what is now Douglas and Johnson Streets where they remained a few days pending transfer by barge to New Westminster. Somehow, one of the camels was accidentally left behind, and this animal haunted what is now the James Bay district of Victoria for a long time.

An account of the incident written several years ago suggested that "The appearance of a camel in the early morning hours had a sobering effect on at least a few worthy Victorians at the time." There seems to be no record of what finally happened to the poor, lonely beast. The barge carrying the others proceeded without incident to Fort Langley and up the Fraser River as far as navigation permitted and then up the trail to where the magic ore had been discovered.

The discovery had been made a few years previously when a party of prospectors had stopped for a noonday meal and a rest, about ten miles from Fort Hope, (now the town of Hope, where the present highway branches east and north). As they worked around their fire, one of the men noticed particles of gold in the moss under his feet. With frenzied haste he washed the moss in his prospector's pan—and recovered large gold nuggets. Two million dollars worth of gold was taken out of

Photos: Courtesy Provincial Arch. Victoria, B.C.



Early view of New Westminster, B.C. taken in 1863 or 1864; camels were barged here from Fort Victoria.

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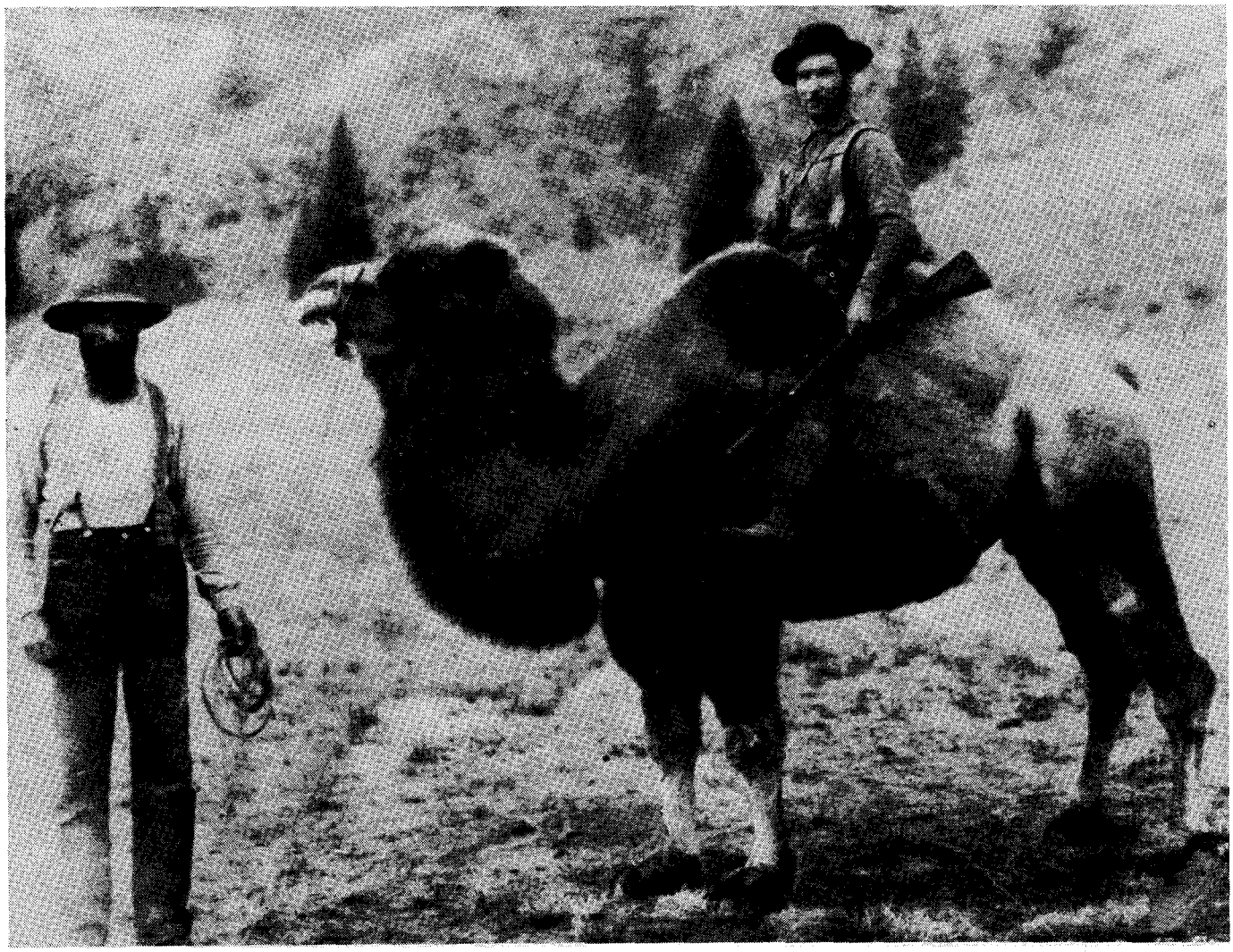

The last of the camels on the Cariboo Road; the deep saddle-seat looks made to order but it's only Mr. Camel.

that spot that season, and uncounted millions came out of the Cariboo later, as the word spread that nearly all the tributaries of the Fraser were rich in the precious metal.

The gold was coarse and easy to pan; the miners averaged eight to thirteen dollars per day, which was big wages at that time. It is reported that at one time the Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Langley had forty pounds of gold nuggets in his safe.

The idea of using camels for transportation of food and supplies to the miners originated with a Mr. Otto Esche of San Francisco. Just prior to the Civil War our army had considerable success with camels in the southwestern desert, and Mr. Esche saw no reason why they should not be equally successful in the Cariboo. Mules had been used there for some time, but a mule could carry only about 250 lbs. and could make only about 10 miles per day. A camel with a 1000-lb. load could travel 30 or 40 miles in a day. The inference was clear.

Mr. Esche decided to make a trip to the Orient to see what could be done in the way of buying camels. In Manchuria and Mongolia he contracted for three shipments of Bactrian camels. The ships required three months to cross the Pacific and many of the animals died enroute. In an effort to salvage what he could from his not too profitable venture, he advertised the camels for sale immediately upon their arrival in San Francisco.

Mr. Frank Laumeister, an American mule train operator, immediately bought twenty-two of these camels, and arrangements had been made to have them shipped north on the *Hermann*. The trip across the Pacific had been plagued by storms and near disaster, so it was not

(Continued on page 42)

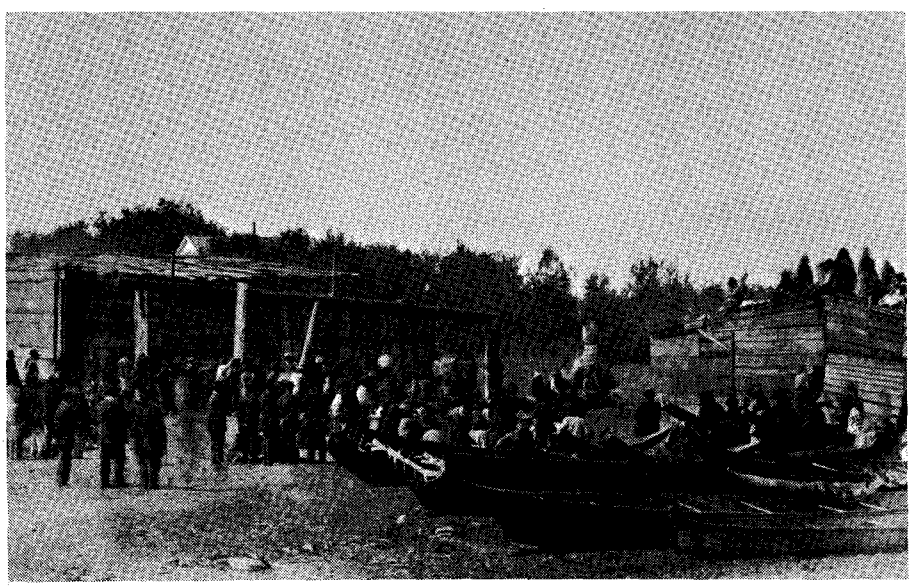

Photo of Songhees Potlatch made in early days near Victoria—date unknown.

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by Samuel Stanley

THEIR HEARTS

Photo: Montana Hist. Soc.

Little Wolf (standing) and Dull Knife, tragic leaders who led their people home from hated Darlington.

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YEARNED FOR HOME

The great chief, a prisoner, pleaded with Captain Wessels not to return him and his decimated band to Darlington: "Tell the Great Father (in Washington) that if he lets us stay here, Dull Knife's people will harm no one. Tell him that if he tries to send us back, we will butcher each other with our own knives!"

A BRIGHT MOON SHONE over the little valley where the northern Cheyennes—what was left of them—were poised for their final flight from misery and slow death. Behind the sand hills on either side, cavalry from Fort Reno waited to stop them.

These Cheyennes were going home. Far to the north, some 1,500 miles distant, was the Yellowstone country where they'd always lived and been content. This was their land, wholesome and alive with game. And repeatedly, white men had promised they would be sent back. But it had proved only a white man's promise.

Instead, they had been sequestered on the Darlington Agency in Indian Territory, a barren, malaria-ridden spot almost completely devoid of game or of any food. There they starved, sickened and died, forlorn and neglected. Ultimately, their fate was plain.

Four times previously they had fled this plagued spot, only to be herded back like cattle. These Cheyennes were considered troublesome. Twice they had helped defeat U.S. troops—at the Rosebud and the Little Big Horn. They must be separated from their able allies, Crazy Horse and his Sioux.

But life at Darlington was a sentence to oblivion. Rations were below the lowest level for existence, and the food itself hardly fit to eat. Tools for tilling the soil, clothing, medicine for the sick, all these had been promised but never sent.

Some days before, head chiefs Dull Knife and Little Wolf had moved their band to the small, sandhill-ringed pocket some 20 miles away. On this last day, Agent John A. Miles summoned the two chiefs to a council.

"You will come back to Darlington or be given no more food," he announced. "Troops will surround you!"

Little Wolf, in his late fifties still an active, vigorous leader, muttered a refusal. He intended, he said, to go back to his home. There were angry words.

Finally Dull Knife rose, drawing his blanket around him. The old chief, nearly sixty, had always worked for peace, but this was too much.

"My friend," he said to Miles in his soft Cheyenne, "I am going." Majestically, he strode away.

Little Wolf, the splendid warrior and veteran of the Custer fight, lingered to plead for his people. But it was futile.

"If you are going to send them (the soldiers) after me," he said at last, "I wish you would first let me get a little distance away. Then, if you want to fight, we can make the ground bloody on that far place."

Now, in the bright moonlight, the band was ready to leave. It was the night of September 9, 1878. A group of young men had made their usual noisy return to camp, fires had been lit, and even the covering of the lodge poles had been left intact. With all these signs of a normal bedding down, the waiting cavalry was lulled. Treading like a panther, Dull Knife, old hero of many fights, led the way to an opening among the hills.

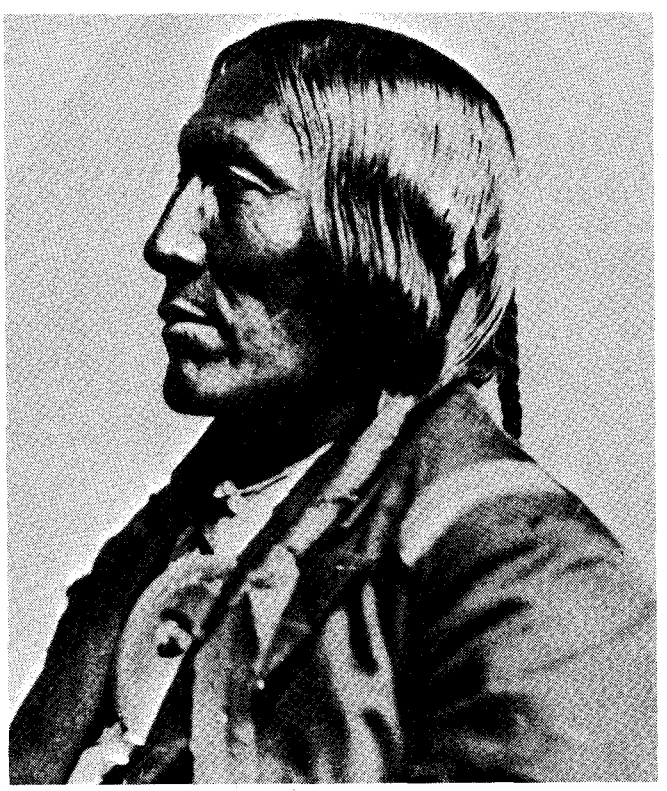
The band of 89 men and 246 women and children, (among them Custer's half-breed son), followed cautiously in the glaring moonlight. Dull Knife, bearer of the sacred Chief's Bundle, was last with his rear-guard of Dog Soldiers. The people carried what belongings they could, including saddles, plus a few rifles and pistols. Later, they would look for horses. Scouts were left to watch the troops and the Arapahoe police.

At last they were on the open prairie. No soldiers had detected them. At last they were launched on the perilous attempt to reclaim what was rightfully their own. It would be an epic of skill and courage unsurpassed ever.

They followed a fork of the Canadian River, avoiding the military road, and splitting up into small parties. After three hours they stopped to rest at a grove of timber beside a small creek. On the way they had picked up a few mounts from herds of wild horses. Now an argument started about which route to take north. The old route lay east of Fort Dodge, and Dull Knife had argued for it.

"The old way is better," another warrior insisted. "There are more horses because there are more whites, and more guns to take."

Photo: Okla. Hist. Soc.



Chief Little Robe was bitter foe of Dull Knife.

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Photo: Okla. Hist. Soc

Excellent portrayal of three generations: Cheyenne Chief Whirlwind, his daughter, and her children.

Photo: Okla. Hist. Soc.

Agent John D. Miles of Darlington Agency.

Little Wolf's eyes gleamed in his pock-marked face.

"Yes, and more guns to shoot at us! I don't want shooting!"

There was more angry muttering, and Black Coyote, a brave but somewhat arrogant warrior, stepped forward.

"Are we cowards?" he snapped. "I say go that way *no matter* what!"

Now Little Wolf showed why he'd been given the Chief's Bundle, symbol of highest rank.

"We go the western way!" he shouted, his strong features twisting in anger. "I command you as a leader!"

The matter was settled.

Soon Bear Shield, who had stayed behind to watch the troops, and who had somehow acquired a horse, came galloping up to announce discovery of their flight, and the band set off again to march until dawn. Then another scout brought news that two troops of cavalry, with some Arapahoe police, had started in pursuit. The flight continued, the people strung out in a long file.

At this point there was good news, also. Meat scouts had discovered a herd of buffalo, and shortly the women were butchering carcasses and stretching hides. Until then the only food had been wild fruits. Next day the luck continued. With an illicit trader they swapped beadwork for three rifles and a handful of cartridges! But time was short: the soldiers were coming, and Little Wolf sent the women and children to hide.

In two days the band had covered almost 100 miles. They were camped at Turkey Springs, near the Cimarron River, at a wooded spot suited for defense, with many draws leading north for possible escape.

That afternoon the two troops of 4th Cavalry under Captain Rendlebrock appeared. Dull Knife was confident; these soldiers would be reasonable and wouldn't shoot. Little Wolf, wearing the silver peace medal given him by President Grant, advanced to parlay. He was unarmed.

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"The whites want you to turn around," said the Arapahoe who came to meet him. "If you give up now, you will receive your rations and be treated well."

Little Wolf stood firmly.

"I hold up my right hand in the veho (white man's) way that I do not wish to fight him—but we are going to our old home!"

The Arapahoe turned back. Then Rendlebrock, seeing movement among the Cheyennes behind, opened fire. Bullets spattered around Chief Little Wolf as he strode calmly back. This, then, was the "veho" way.

The warriors fired back. They were spread along a steep, broken slope. Minutes later they charged, using mostly bows and war-axes—bullets were precious. The troops were unhorsed and soon running, leaving three soldiers and the Arapahoe messenger dead. Then they dug in.

At nightfall the firing ceased. Five Cheyennes had been wounded, but others had collected the dead soldiers' rifles as well as a pair of field glasses. Desperately, Little Wolf restrained his angry young men. Meantime, fires had been set to frighten the cavalry horses.

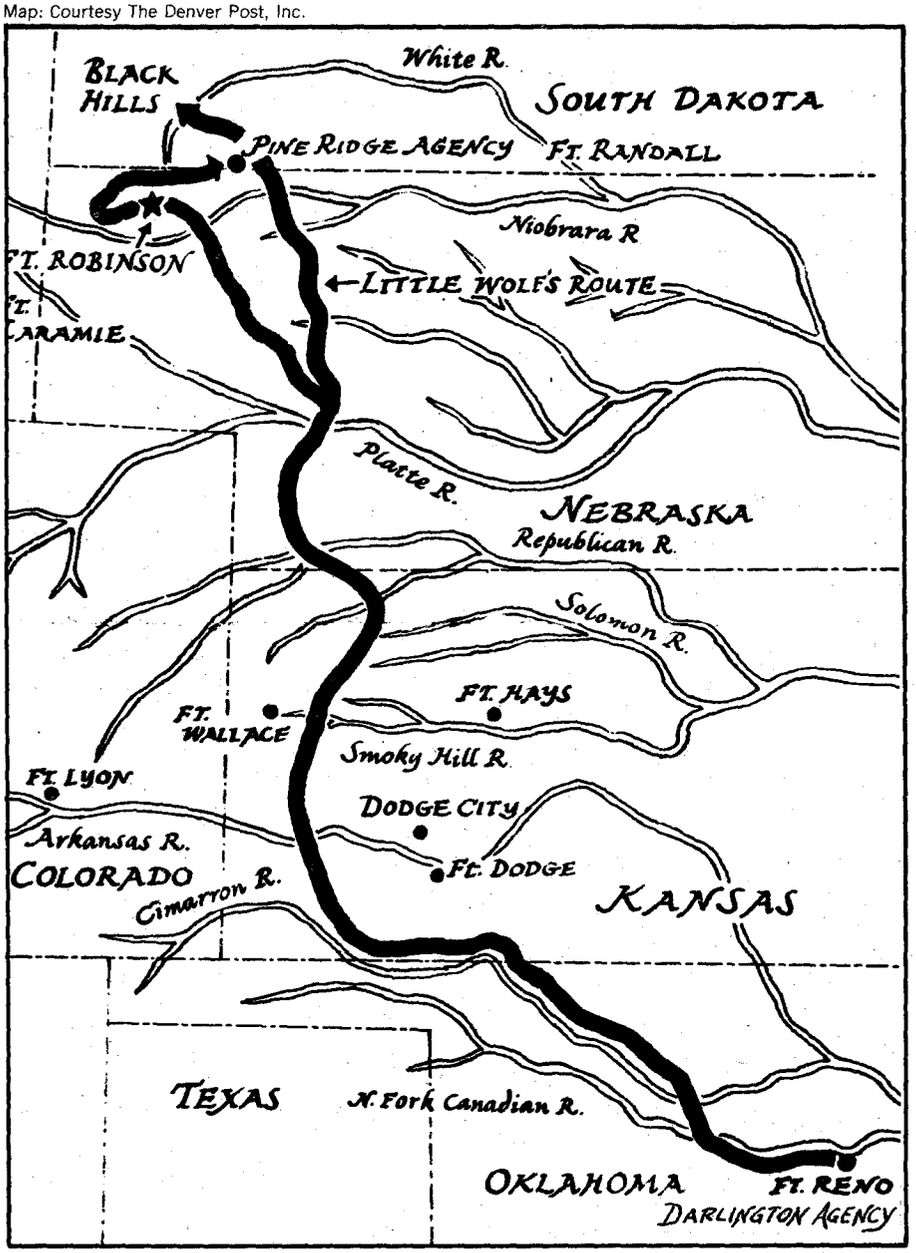
All night, Dog Soldiers (a warrior society) kept watch on the surrounded cavalry. They set up a chorus of whooping and drum pounding, hoping to discourage their foe from further attack. The troops had no water, were low on ammunition, and next morning, after a few desultory shots, returned to Fort Reno. It was definitely a retreat.

The Cheyennes packed up and resumed their journey—towards home. They were still within the bounds of Indian Territory, where Indians supposedly were safe from attacks. The fight itself had been a tactical victory, to say the least. But there would be other fights. Soon now, they realized, telegraph wires, the "wires that talk," would be humming with news of their escape.

Again they were scattered in small parties. The summer had been hot, and swarms of gnats were a constant torment. But grass and water were plentiful. Furthermore, from time to time they were picking up more horses—and killing cattle for beef—from ranchers' and settlers' herds. "Nobody is to be killed," Little Wolf had ordered. "Only soldiers that come shooting at you." Horses and beef, he pointed out, could be acquired without killing people.

The next day, on September 15, troops again were sighted, but only a handful. These few charged immediately, firing at long range, but were quickly routed. One trooper was killed. (This force had probably been alerted by ranchers who missed some livestock.) The Cheyennes were unhurt and had not even paused. Some precious ammunition, however, had been spent.

Map: Courtesy The Denver Post, Inc.



Route Dull Knife and Little Wolf followed with 335 men, women and children.

Just afterward occurred an incident that embittered them further. Scouts had located a ranch with a corral full of horses, and Black Beaver and another man, with some cash found on a pack mule at Turkey Springs, were sent to buy them (horses were still desperately needed). Their honest effort, though, was brutally rewarded. Cowboys met them with gunfire, and soon Black Beaver lay dead. They stripped his body and took his cash.

Now the young men who had been so hard to restrain were more enraged. The first Cheyenne had been killed—treacherously and in cold blood. No white man anywhere, it seemed, could ever be trusted. For all vehos from this time on, Cheyenne hearts would be bad.

Next day troops appeared again, near Bear Creek. The Cheyennes now were travelling day and night, pressing hard, at times covering up to 70 miles in 24 hours—the last thing they wanted was another fight. But there was no thought of surrender, come what might.

The band crowded together in a canyon. This time there were more soldiers, plus a scattering of cowboys and other civilians. Their charge was met by careful fire, the Indians aiming at the horses. After some had fallen, with one trooper killed, the force retired. One Cheyenne was wounded. But again the pursuers were outfought.

As the band moved on, two scouts were left to watch the soldiers. Afterwards their bodies were found by meat foragers, scalped and battered. Now the hotheaded young men were out of hand. They killed some white settlers and took their horses and cattle. They even robbed a wagon train, but cooler heads among them signed a paper for the goods removed.

Little Wolf and Dull Knife were push-

(Continued on page 68)

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FOLLOWING THE Treasure Trails ...With Harry Rockingchair

Truth or fiction, Treasure Hunts will always stir man's imagination

The following material is a collection from the Treasure Hunter's press of the nation. Your personal anecdotes, tips or reports of new discoveries will be appreciated. Address Harry Rockingchair, care of this magazine.

MAIL HAS COLLECTED until I'm obliged to answer a few of the letters received which seem to be of interest to all TH'ers.

HENRY L. MOORE, P.O. Box 214, San Clemente, California 92672, writes of an old Flintlock pistol he found as a boy in a spring in Nebraska. Also found many arrowheads there. He'll be in Nebraska again this fall, so any TH'ers wanting to take it from there write Henry. He's now 72 years of age, found the old gun more than 60 years ago.

ONES P. BACKLIN, SR., 3554 West 61 Street, Chicago, Illinois 60629, wants photos or sketches of the old prison wagon known as the "Tumbleweed Wagon" as featured in *The West,* March, 1968, page 28. He builds old historic wagon models. Write him, if you can help.

ANDY SORGE, 11251 Colbrow Street, Orange, California 92667, has picked up some float shot with gold, covered with black. He is sending me a sample for assay. We'll try to let you know if it pays off.

H.P. ALLEN, 238 North Front, Quincy, Illinois 62301, while vacationing and hunting in Arizona (in the Phoenix area) stumbled on to a rock "map" that interested him, and feels it may lead to something. You can get within three-quarters of a mile from it by car. Arizona TH'ers who are interested, write him.

DENNIS MEYERS AND WAYNE MERRIT, 1008½ Central Avenue, Auburn, Nebraska 68305, have proved the value of metal detectors in their vicinity by following a "treasure lead" and locating what should have been a rich gold treasure. A rusted cooking pot was located at the end of the trail, and a few gold coins bearing dates prior to the 20th century. But the treasure was gone. Probably old Randy Wells or Karl von Mueller had been there before them! You suppose? Anyway, their experience has taught Meyers and Merrit that "Treasure Trails" can be followed after good research and attention to detail. Better luck next time, fellows!

JAMES DUVALL, Fort Littleton, Pennsylvania 17223, submits some interesting sketches for decals for windshields, TH'ers shirts, etc. Believe they are a bit too complicated for ready identification, Jim, but quite artistic! And better luck in your TH'ing than you say you've had!

JESSE L. BOGARD, Briggs, Texas 78608, wants a good book on "Treasure Trail Signs." If you've a book like that, or one on how to read treasure sign, write him.

A WYOMING TH'ER, who doesn't sign his name, believes there is some treasure in Saw Mill Canyon, 18 miles north of Guernsey, Wyoming. There are several old stone fireplaces and chimneys still standing in the canyon, built, my correspondent believes, at the time they cut wood for railroad ties in the canyons. Other folks say the chimneys are much older, that they may have been built by Spaniards. The region is not far from the old "Spanish Diggings," where Indians half finished spear and arrow points and traded them to other Indians from the Southwest who came there.

A 9-FT. ANCHOR, ship's dinnerware and other items have been recovered from the Civil War iron-clad, *Tecumseh,* under Mobile Bay waters.

ACCORDING TO "GOLDBUG" NEWSLETTER, Box 588, Alamo, California, some Boston divers are planning the recovery of 100 tons of copper from the ill-fated liner *Lusitania,* sunk by German U-Boats off Old Head of Kinsdale, Ireland in 1915, in 315 feet of water. The market value today, when recovered, will be about $110,000.

TIM WILLIAMS, RR Roads End Farm, Columbia, Missouri 65201, is starting a Tri-State Treasure Hunters Club. Interested buffs may write him.

JEFFREY KRAMER, 7525 East Treasure Drive, Miami Beach, Fla. 33141, wishes to correspond with and meet active TH'ers in that area.

WANT TO SEE a church built of *baled hay?* This unique structure is at Arthur, Nebraska and may become the home of the Arthur County Historical Society. It's believed to be the only one in the nation, a truly rare sight.

A GIRL IN JUSTICE, ILLINOIS asks if there is any way a young person can take up Treasure Hunting. Yes. Watch to see when estates are probated. Go to the Probate Judge, ask him if you can help look over the property and ascertain if anything of a hidden nature can be recovered to fill out the value of the property. Many old folks have cached money, jewelry, and so on. That's one good place to look, but permission must be granted by the Court.

In busy, settled areas, such as she lives in, there are many old buildings being wrecked. See the wrecking companies. Before they start, check the most encouraging spots for hidden treasure. After the wrecking starts, keep an eye on the job, and when the wreckers reach areas that have been hitherto out of reach, inspect those inner areas, between walls, in large chimneys, etc., with your metal detector. Also, look for areas, now abandoned, where skating rinks, old theaters, fair grounds, ball parks, etc., have been located. There are plenty of coins always under the earth thereabouts, two to ten inches deep. Wherever people go and spend money, they always lose some and leave it behind. I know three women who *paid* for detectors on what they *found!*

Do you live along, or near, a large river where ferry boats have been employed to make crossings in the past? Know where those old ferry sites are? Then go there and take a look. Much loot and money have been lost or cast aside near the old ferry landings. Take your metal detector with you, for it will all be covered up by now. The Mississippi, the Ohio, the Colorado, the Rio Grande—in fact all historic rivers that have been avenues of commerce—make good hunting grounds. Don't pass up those trail crossings on river banks.

AMONG NEW TH'ING PUBLICATIONS coming to my attention are: *Explorer's Tradement Log,* P.O. Box 274, Silver Springs, Maryland 20907; Editor, A.T. Perrin. All eastern seaboard TH'ers

(Continued on page 52)

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ROUND-UP TIME

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What is the story of the Death Waltz *that is said to have transpired at Fort Union, New Mexico, about 1860-61? Who was the woman who died? Mrs. E.G., San Diego, Cal.*

A. Harry Chatfield, president of Amerindian & Western Historical Research Assn., Denver, tells that it concerned a soldier who went to battle against the Apaches and whose sweetheart married another after he was killed. The soldier, a "Lieutenant Osgood," returned to the Fort later, during a celebration. He appeared on the dance floor, (his body in an advanced stage of decay), and swept his erstwhile sweetheart, who had been a "Miss Collins," into his arms and did a "death waltz" for the audience. The lovely charmer died of fright on the dance floor. Soldiers, sent the following day to the place where Lieutenant Osgood was supposed to have been killed in Mora Canyon, found the body as it appeared the night of the dance, decayed, and with socketless eyes staring out of the skull. The two lovers were reported to have been buried side-by-side in the Fort Union cemetery.

Q. Has there ever been a professional football team composed of American Indians? F.U.I., Feather Falls, Cal.

A. Yes, the Hominy Indians were a tri-state club (Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri) of Indians organized by Ira Hamilton, an Osage, in the early 1920's. Players consisted of Osage, Creek, Sac and Fox, Cheyennes, Seneca, Pottawatomie, Sioux and others. For their story see *Oklahoma Today,* August, 1967, by Art Shoemaker.

Q. U.S. Government statistics showed that the Navaho women who weave the beautiful rugs get an average of only 6¢ per hour for their work. Isn't this the lowest wage paid to any workers in the nation?

A. Stumps us. Anyone know of a lower hourly wage paid anyone?

Q. When did the last Texas cattle drives to Dodge City take place? M.H., Bethany Beach, Del.

A. In 1885. Drives continued to Ogallala and north to Montana, however, but went up the "National" Cattle Trail, along the Colorado-Kansas state line.

Q. Who killed Nokoni, the Comanche Indian chief who fathered Quanah Parker? V.L., Mobeetie, Texas.

A. Nokoni, who took Cynthia Ann Parker to wife and fathered two sons, Quanah and a brother, and one daughter, a babe, Prairie Flower, died a natural death while picking wild fruit on the banks of the Canadian River. He was a middle-aged man by then. It had been the story in Texas for many years that Governor Ross had slain Nokoni, but J. Evetts Haley, Texas historian, determined through Charles Goodnight that Ross had been mistaken.

Q. Where did the term "ginning" cattle come from, meaning to worry them or excite them? T.L.S., Tucson, Ariz.

A. One old cowman says the expression originated in Texas, and likened rough, young cowboys in action to the way a cotton gin tore up the cotton fibers in extracting the seeds. In cutting out cattle, or in roping calves for the branding fire, a quiet, methodical manner was preferred to get more work done without exciting the herd. There may be other meanings for this term.

Q. What causes the loud pop or snap when a blacksnake whip is cracked over the backs of teams of oxen? C.D., Tampa, Fla.

A. An Australian manufacturer of these whips states in his advertising brochure that the "cracker" on the end of the whip, because of the manner in which the whiplash is suddenly reversed, travels faster than sound. Just like the modern, fast jet-fighters, when the sound barrier is broken, a loud bang results.

Q. Was Lieutenant Caspar Collins noted for anything other than having our town named after him? W.L.H., Casper, Wyo.

A. Yes, Lieutenant Collins gave his life in an attempt to save one of his supply trains. He was something of a cartographer, and he and his father, Colonel William O. Collins are responsible for some of the early maps made of eastern Wyoming and northern Colorado. One sketch made by Caspar Collins of Fort Laramie, in 1863, and sent by his mother to her Ohio home for preservation, is a remarkably fine drawing portraying the old Fort in its latter years. The discrepancy in the spelling of your town's name and Caspar's given name is said to have resulted from a clerical error in the Post Office Department. The intent was to honor Lieutenant Collins by preserving his name in the city of Casper, Wyoming, near where he died.

Q. Following the "free range" days, what was the largest cattle pool in the West? D.J., Owensville, Mo.

A. Probably the Comanche Pool, in the old Cherokee Strip, running over into southern Kansas. It occupied 4,000 square miles, and consisted of about 84,000 head of cattle before breaking up about 1886.

Q. Is there anything remaining of old Fort Mitchell on the North Platte River in Nebraska? D.S., Colfax, Ind.

A. No. A modern highway cuts through the old location, and only the concrete memorial markers attest its former being. It is directly west of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, 2 miles, across the old Mitchell (20th Street) bridge.

Q. You were once asked what the name for the Indian cradle board was. Did you ever find out? F.F.D., Monmouth, Me.

A. Well, partially. We learned there were 750 Indian dialects spoken at one time. Each tribe had its own name for the baby cradle, such as the Ute word, "ah-ca-con." We stopped there!

Q. Were the wild Texas longhorns mean; *would they attack people on foot as claimed? D.P.P., McKeesport, Pa.*

A. "Curious," would be a better term than "mean" for the animals. One artist (Frank Reaugh) told of sitting at his easel in 1876 while surrounded by the curious animals who would flee in great distress every time he moved suddenly. However, the cows with calves could be very treacherous in their protective way, as all wild mothers are. Also, bulls in charge of females had to be watched. But normally it was said the wild longhorns of the brush fled man's presence.

Q. What were the earlier contributing factors to the opening of the barbed wire industry in the West? F.S., Woodland Hills, Cal.

A. The development of the telegraph in the late 1830's is said to have given impetus to the wire industry of that early time. Then the manufacture of hoop skirts, believe it or not, opened another market in the late 1850's and early 1860's. "Bob wire," and the telephone, took it from there. ●

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BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page 4)

viewpoint of both Indians and whites, including Geronimo, Cochise, General Crook, and many others. We are shown a picture of the Indians, not as 'implacable savages', but as men who have become embittered by injustice, fighting desperately to save their homeland. On the other hand, the soldiers were only doing the job they had been sent to do.

The author does not argue the morality of the conquest, but gives a detailed account of the long conflict which was the most costly, in human lives, of any in the history of the Americas. The book is well documented, illustrated with maps and photographs.

BOOTS AND BULLETS, by Jess G. Hayes. (University of Arizona Press, $4.95)

The life story of John W. Wentworth, who retired in Globe, Arizona, at the age of 95 reads more like a television play than a true story. His adventures started when he left college in his freshman year to join the navy, later becoming a territorial judge, District Attorney, and U.S. Commissioner. He experienced miners brawls, Indian warfare, robbery, murder, and helped mete out instant justice on the hangman's tree.

This is a readable tale of a man who lived a good life, a life far more exciting and rewarding than that of the lawless ones such as the Youngers, Billy the Kid, and others.

Jess Hayes, a native Arizonian, knew John Wentworth and his associates personally. He also had access to scrapbooks, memoirs and correspondence. His 25 years of research have resulted in an understanding, sympathetic biography of a man who helped make the history of Arizona.

THE BRONC RIDER, by William Crawford. (G.P. Putnam's Sons, $4.95)

Through the medium of one of the world's toughest, most dangerous sports, rodeo, William Crawford delves into the psychology of courage and fear. Ernest Camron, world champion bronc rider, travels the professional rodeo circuit, taking the reader into every facet of that exciting world. It is a modern novel, historically and intellectually honest. One must not be misled by the title into thinking of it as 'just another western.' It is distinctly different.

THE SWALLOWING WILDERNESS, by Stanton A. Coblenz. (Thomas Yoseloff, Publisher. $5.00)

For six years, from 1824 to 1830, James Ohio Pattie explored the western regions of the United States. He suffered unspeakable hardships, was thrown into prison where he almost died of starvation, endured excruciating torments from untamed Indian tribes and wild beasts. He was one of the first white men to traverse the Colorado River, later journeying up and down the Pacific Coast on horseback and by sailing vessel. There was a touch of romance, too, with a lovely Mexican Senorita.

Upon his return to St. Louis, he wrote the famous "Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky," which was published in 1831. During his wanderings Pattie made neither diary nor notes, so the Personal Narrative was written completely from memory. Historians have spotted many inaccuracies, even gross exaggerations, in the story. Stanton Coblenz has taken the stand of an independent observer in retelling Pattie's narrative, using supplementary sources and the perspective of time to clarify some of the historical events which Pattie recorded.

In spite of discrepancies in dates, and confused geography, "Personal Narrative" remains one of the classic adventure stories of the West. In *The Swallowing Wilderness,* Coblenz has condensed it into a concise, readable book for modern consumption. ●

CAMELS IN THE CARIBOO

(Continued from page 35)

surprising that the weary camels staged a strike when they reached Fort Victoria.

But the excitement produced by their arrival was to prove only a very mild preview of subsequent events. No one had any idea of the fiercely independent nature of the camel, nor how sorely he was to offend the faithful pack mule.

The unpleasant odor peculiar to camels is anathema to most other four-footed beasts. This situation finally resulted in a stampede that will live forever in Cariboo history. A train of pack mules, carrying barrels and jugs of whiskey for the thirsty miners toiled up the narrow road into the Fraser River gorge above Yale. Down-trail came a long wavering line of camels. The mules dug their hooves into the rocky trail and laid back their ears. Their shrill braying resounded along the canyon walls. The camels stretched out their long necks and *hissed.*

The yelling and sweating drovers tried in vain to avert the catastrophe, but with inexorable determination the camels plowed into the mule train, scattering cargo and mules indiscriminately. This was the camels' opportunity to avenge themselves on their enemies the mules, as well as the world in general.

It was pure bedlam; bottles crashed on the rocks, wooden barrels of the precious liquid rolled over the cliffs and were dashed to splinters on the rocks below. Broken harness littered the steep declivities. (It was days before the frightened mules could be rounded up.) The camels, though, plodded on, triumphant in their second victory.

This loss of a whole packtrain load of whiskey was not to be endured. The indignant miners went to court and obtained an injunction restraining Mr. Laumeister from ever again using camels on the Cariboo Trail. The courthouse where the injunction was issued still stands in the historic town of Clinton, a few miles north of the confluence of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. For the benefit of modern day automobile argonauts—and others who may wish to visit this historic area—the Cariboo highway northward from Hope and Yale is maintained in excellent condition by the Provincial Government, and offers opportunity for a very rewarding trip into the magnificently scenic Cariboo country.

Perhaps it is just as well that the injunction against Mr. Laumeister and his ungainly beasts was issued, for although attempts to devise heavy canvas or rawhide shoes had been made, the tender feet of the camels could not have been expected to cope indefinitely with the hard and rocky Cariboo terrain.

Mr. Laumeister parted reluctantly with his charges; his venture had been reasonably profitable, and he had become fond of the creatures in spite of their uncertain temperaments. He continued to use some of them on the road from Hope to Kootenay, a much easier trail than the old Cariboo, but eventually most of the animals were turned loose on the North Thompson Prairie. A few of them were kept at the town of Grande Prairie, where they were sheared each spring, their hair being used for upholsterer's stuffing. At least two of the camels are reported to have been killed for food. Those who tasted the meat declared it delicious.

Some of the camels are believed to have survived until about 1905. Reports of them kept cropping up over a period of several years in Montana, and even as far south as Walla Walla in Washington. Camels are long-lived animals, and it may be within the realm of possibility that those seen had at one time served their tour of duty in the Cariboo. ●

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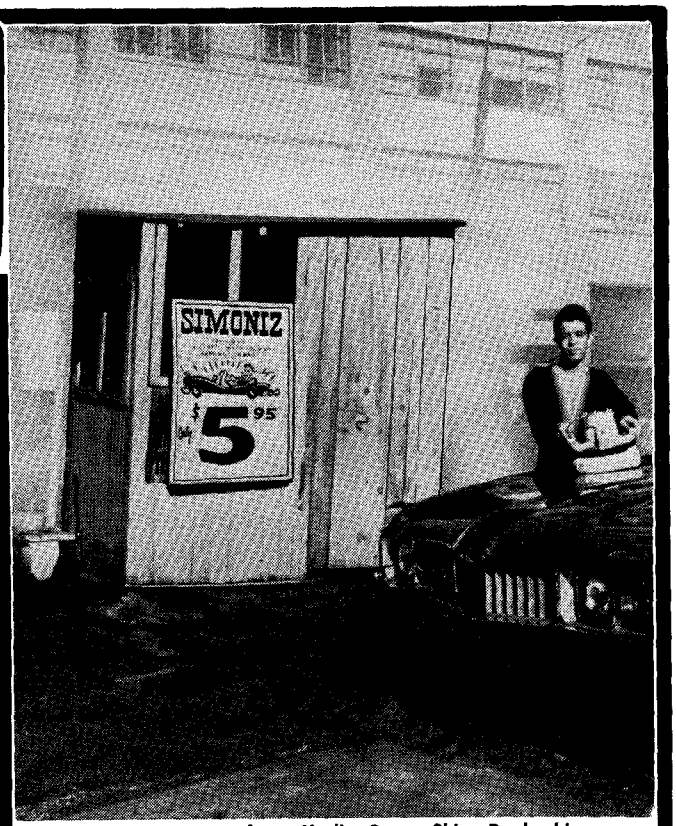

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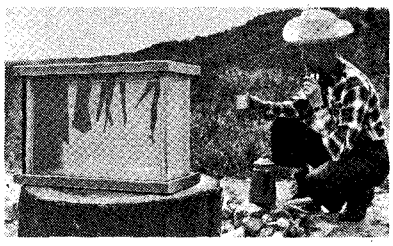

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BIRD WOMAN'S STORY (Concl.)

(Continued from page 23)

men sickened from it; but it kept them alive.

Bird Woman advised Lewis to barter with the Nez Perce for these roots, rather than for the more highly regarded foods. And just as she predicted, roving bands of Nez Perce could often be persuaded to part with a few tubers. In his journal the captain wrote that he missed Charbonneau's White Pudding.

Following a Nez Perce trail, the expedition came at last to an apparently navigable river. It was Clearwater Fork of the Snake River, a tributary of the Columbia. The stream banks were timbered, and the expedition stopped for a week to build canoes.

Progress was easier by water, but food was still a problem. All game had vanished, large or small. There were many Nez Perce Indians along the stream, but they provided only roots, moldy berries, and some very ancient, smoke-dried fish. In desperation Lewis bought some Indian dogs and cooked them. The Nez Perce were horrified; they were not dog-eaters.

By mid-October the expedition had reached the Columbia proper. This was richer country, with more timber and game. The local Indians, the Sokulk, were great hunters and salmon fishermen, with food to trade. Recovering health and strength, the party continued down-river, into country held by the Yakima.

These latter were friendly and helpful Indians, with some fish and dogs to spare. On October 21, 1805, Lewis saw Indians wearing trade blankets and a sailor's jacket; these could only have come from traders on the Pacific. Still farther downstream, the Indians would no longer sell fish to the expedition, having a better market on the coast. Lewis bought eight fat dogs.

The great rapids of the Columbia—the Dalles and Chutes—were passed by portage. There were daily visits from Indians, strange-looking warriors whose heads had been artificially flattened. One tribe, the Tlakluit, had an abundance of trade goods: a British musket, a cutlass, brass tea-kettles, sailors' jackets and hats. Boats appeared on the river, the wooden vessels of the Chilluckittequaw.

Sea-otters frolicked in the river, but they were too wary to be bagged. Gulls and other sea-birds appeared. On November 2nd the stream began to rise and fall with some distant tide.

The hunters began to bag great numbers of swan, ducks, and geese. The river teemed with salmon and trout. Skilloot Indians brought roasted tubers of the arrow-head plant. Lewis penned a journal note in his usual style: The men miss dog meat, they have eaten so much that it has ceased to be strange.

On November 6 the expedition met an Indian who could speak some English, which he had learned from a Mr. Haley, the operator of a trading ship. According to the Indian, about ten different trading vessels regularly visited the mouth of the Columbia. They arrived in April, stayed until autumn, and then sailed away to the southwest. The traders spoke English—they said, "Heave that lead damned rascal!"—but Lewis could not determine whether they were American or British.

The Columbia widened into a huge bay. Fog and rain blew in from the west. On the afternoon of November 7 the fog lifted, and the explorers got their first glimpse of the Pacific.

For a few days they scouted the bay, then they made a temporary camp on its south side.

Indians cruised the bay in great wooden boats, some of them 50 feet long and holding 30 people. There were Cathlamet, Chinook, Wahkiakum, Chalis, and Clatsop Indians, all come to see the strangers. Lewis observed that the closer to white settlement, the more offensive and treacherous the tribes became. These coastal people were already well provided with trade goods, but they would steal anything they could lift. The captain had to post armed guards at all times. This was in sharp contrast with the unspoiled tribes of the Rockies; the Shoshone, for example, had not molested even the smallest item of expedition gear.

Indian women visited the camp. One of them was marked with a sailor's brand, "J. Bowman," tattooed on her arm.

The explorers were also visited by a head chief of the Chinook. He wore a magnificent robe of sea-otter skins. Lewis badly wanted the robe for his collection of scientific specimens, but the chief would not part with it for any price. Then Bird Woman offered her little belt of blue beads, and to Lewis' surprise the Chinook quickly made the swap.

Bird Woman explained that the tribes west of the Rockies prized blue beads above all other possessions. Even the Shoshone had heard about this curious preference among the far-western peoples.

Lewis and Clark explored all the nearby country. The climate was warm for a locality so far to the north, and there was no haste to build a winter encampment. It was December before a site was selected for the winter base.

Daily rains slowed construction, but timber was abundant and game plentiful. Indians visited frequently, bringing fish, berries, and edible tubers to trade for beads, fishhooks, awls, ribbons, and mirrors. Before the month was out, the base was finished and named Fort Clatsop. (A few years later, John Jacob Astor would build a fur-trading station here,

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and the town of Astoria, Oregon, would grow up around it.) And then the New Year of 1806 dawned...

The Clatsop Indians brought food and some blubber from a stranded whale. The giant sea animal had beached itself near some Tillamook villages not far down the coast. Finding the blubber edible, much like pork fat, Lewis decided to send for more. He detailed a few men to visit the Tillamook, and Bird Woman asked to go along. She said that she had travelled a long and weary way to help find the Great Water, yet she had been given no more than a glimpse of it. Could she and her family go to the Tillamook villages, to see the ocean and the dead whale? It was the only favor she ever asked, and Lewis immediately granted it.

By the time the detachment reached the coastal villages, unfortunately, the Tillamook had stripped the whale of everything edible; but the monstrous skeleton remained, and it measured 175 feet in length—really something to stare at!

Through most of January the expedition rested, gathering strength and supplies. Men may rest, but rumors never do. Rumors had been flying across mountains and prairies, from one wild tribe to another, from tepee to trading post to frontier town. About the time Bird Woman was gazing at the dead whale, and showing Baptiste the ocean, a rumor reached Thomas Jefferson in his presidential office that the Corps of Discovery had obtained horses and had entered the passes through the Rocky Mountains.

February, also, was quiet at Fort Clatsop. Baptiste had his first birthday. Clark had nicknamed him "Pomp," short for Pompey (a very dignified general of Roman times). March came, but no white traders had appeared on the coast. On March 23 the restless Lewis gave the command to leave the winter camp, and the expedition began the long trip home.

By mid-April the explorers were back at the Dalles of the Columbia. In late April they were joined by Indians of the Walla-Walla tribe. These people did not understand sign-language, but among them was a captive Shoshone girl who had learned the tongue of her captors. Through this girl, Bird Woman was able to explain the expedition's purpose and needs. Once they had been informed, the Walla-Walla became very helpful, supplying food, horses, and canoes.

Like the other mountain tribes they were scrupulously honest. On one occasion, three young men of the Walla-Walla travelled for a day to bring Lewis a steel trap he had accidentally dropped.

May found the expedition back again on the headwaters of the Columbia (and also back again on a diet of dog). One evening a Nez Perce brave caught the explorers at a supper of dog meat, and in scorn threw a half-starved puppy into Lewis' plate. The captain slammed the puppy into the Indian's face and snatched up a tomahawk. The Indian left hastily, and the meal continued without further interruption.

A few days later, most of the principal chiefs of the Nez Perce arrived to see the explorers. Lewis decided that the time was ripe to conclude a treaty with this powerful tribe. He spoke to them as a representative of the United States government, one of his men translating the speech into French for the benefit of Charbonneau, whose English was limited. Charbonneau put it into Hidatsa for Bird Woman, who then put it into Shoshone for the comprehension of a Shoshone prisoner among the Nez Perce. The prisoner then rendered the talk into the Nez Perce tongue.

Lewis was never convinced that the Nez Perce really understood his speech. (But these Indians remained friendly to the white man until 1877, when Chief Joseph, for good and sufficient reasons, took the warpath.)

The conference lasted most of a day, but there was no hurry; snow still blocked the high passes, and it would not melt until the latter part of June, or even July. On June 18 the explorers were back at Hungry Creek.

Now Lewis decided to split the expedition into several parties. He would take nine men and find a shorter route to the falls of the Missouri, and then explore Maria's River. Sergeant Ordway and a few men would retrace the expedition's former route along the Jefferson Fork, and so down to the falls. Captain Clark would cut across to the Yellowstone, build canoes, follow that river downstream to the Missouri, and then proceed to the falls. Bird Woman would go with Clark, for much of his way would lead through country she knew well.

Lewis had mapped an ambitious program, but he was the only one to encounter serious trouble in carrying it out. Reaching the Missouri as planned, he ran into an outlaw band of Hidatsa, who lived by stealing and looting. The captain shot one Indian in the belly, and a private stabbed a second Indian through the heart. When the affair was over, Lewis was richer by four Indian ponies. That evening Sergeant Ordway's party arrived.

Two weeks later the captain, wearing buckskin breeches, was shot through the buttocks by Cruzatte, who mistook him for an elk. On August 12 the wounded Captain Lewis, lying on his stomach in a canoe, was rejoined by Captain Clark and the remainder of the expedition.

On Sunday, August 17, 1806, Bird Woman walked out of the pages of western history. The expedition had reached the principal villages of the Hidatsa, and Charbonneau would go no farther.

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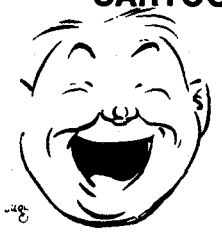

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Taking Bird Woman, Baptiste, and $500 in wages, he vanished among the Hidatsa. Lewis and Clark went on downstream to Fort Mandan, their winter camp of 1805, but it had been burned. Private John Colter took his discharge here, to go back up-river and trap with the Mountain Men—such was the lure of the unspoiled west.

Now the explorers began travelling faster than and thereupon catching up to and surpassing the rumors about them. They passed villages or roving bands of Mandan, Cheyenne, Arikara, and Teton Sioux. A few American traders showed up on the river. One of them told them that the Lewis and Clark expedition had been given up for lost, and only the staunch Thomas Jefferson still had faith that they would return. On September 22, 1806, the expedition reached St. Louis and fired a few rounds to announce their arrival. They had been gone *two years and four months.* They had covered 8,500 miles.

Lewis was very soon appointed governor of the western territory he had helped to open, and he set up his office in New Orleans. Three years after his return from the expedition he was called to Washington. With servants and companions he set out from New Orleans, intending to follow the Natchez Trace on horseback. The Trace passed through some country still wild and dangerous, so Lewis went heavily armed. He carried two pistols, a dagger, and a tomahawk. Riding ahead with the servants, he came to a cabin near what is now Hohenwald, Tennessee. There was only a woman at the cabin, a Mrs. Robert Grinder, and she let the captain have a room for the night. The servants bedded down in the loft.

During the night there were two shots and confused sounds from Lewis' room. No one investigated!

The next morning the captain was found to be nearly dead, both slashed and shot. A pistol ball had lodged his side, another had blown away a part of his skull. He died that morning and was hastily buried in a rude grave near the Grinder cabin. And then began the expressions of differing opinions as to his death.

Some people said Lewis' death was a suicide. They pointed out that the captain was ill, drinking heavily, disappointed in love, and under sharp criticism from political opponents. Certain it is that Lewis had recently made a will, leaving everything to his mother, but that, too, could be considered a normal procedure!

Others said the captain's death was murder. They pointed out that Lewis was a strong individual, and under no more criticism than anyone else in politics. They made up a list of suspects: the servants, the companions, and a local outlaw named Runnion. Certain it is that Lewis' papers were ransacked, and his body stripped of clothes, money, and weapons!

We do not need to debate Lewis' death here, for this is not his story but Bird Woman's. Thomas Jefferson, who was like a father to Lewis, called the death a suicide—let the matter rest there.

Clark continued in military and government service. With Lewis' brother Reuben, and a St. Louis trader named Manuel Lisa, Clark organized the Missouri Fur Company. Lisa hoped that by following the Yellowstone southward, he could establish trading contacts with the Spanish in New Mexico. He built a fort on the upper Missouri, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, as a base from which to explore. Strangely, Lisa and his fort would be heard of again, in connection with Bird Woman's story.

The journals of Lewis, Clark, Gass, and Ordway were eventually assembled for publication. First, however, they were censored by a minister, who struck out everything that might be offensive to maidenly ears. Even Charbonneau's White Pudding had to go. Lewis' gunshot wound, accidentally administered by Cruzatte, was discreetly lowered into the captain's thighs. The acceptable material was then rephrased in a lofty style. Unfortunately, this namby-pamby version of the journals is the one that became most widely read.

Time passed, and the War of 1812 was fought. The first steamboat docked at St. Louis in 1815. Jefferson died in 1826, Clark in 1838. The year that Clark died, a trader saw Charbonneau; he was an old man, still living with the Hidatsa.

Baptiste, Bird Woman's son, grew up to be a miner. In 1849 he followed the Gold Rush to California.

The fur trade pushed up the Missouri and into the Rockies, and settlement followed rapidly. The Civil War was fought, and then the U.S. Army could devote full attention to Indians. The red men were dispossessed, tribe after tribe, wiped out or crowded onto reservations. Which brings us back to Lisa's fort—and Bird Woman.

In 1868 the government established a reservation for the Shoshone and the Arapaho at Wind River, Wyoming. Among the Shoshone who came in was an aged woman named Sakakawea. She was accompanied by her son, himself beyond middle age. (At this time Bird Woman would have been about 79 years old).

The old woman was generally accepted as the heroine of the Lewis and Clark expedition. She lived for years near Fort Washakie on the Wind River reservation, and died at a great age in 1884. A brass tablet was erected to her memory.

But in the meanwhile an old diary had come to light. It had been kept by

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John Luttig, a trader. He had been at Manuel Lisa's fort on the upper Missouri. Lisa had hired several veterans of the Lewis and Clark expedition, among them George Drouilliard. John Colter was at the fort, too: he had left the Mountain Men to join Lisa. The Three Forks country had become a death-trap, for the Blackfeet Indians were aroused. (Drouilliard was later gutted and beheaded by the Blackfeet. Colter, captured by Blackfeet, was stripped naked and told to run; he killed his nearest pursuer by hand, and made his way back to the fort in ten days.)

According to Luttig's diary, Charbonneau's Shoshone wife was also at Lisa's fort, and died there of a fever. The year of her death was 1820. Luttig wrote that she had been a good woman, the best at the fort.

Now a controversy arose. Did Bird Woman die young at Lisa's fort, or did she live nearly a century, to die on the Wind River reservation?

A clue was finally provided by an old note that had been written by Captain Clark. He had tried to follow the subsequent history of everyone who had taken part in the great expedition across the west. His note mentioned the death of Bird Woman. The note was not dated, but Clark died in 1838, so the old woman of Wind River who lived until 1884 could not have been the real Sakakawea.

Could she have been the other of Charbonneau's two wives, Otter Woman, who was left behind at Fort Mandan in 1805?

We shall never learn the identity of the old woman at Wind River; but the topic is not important. What is important is the life of the real Bird Woman. Without her the Lewis and Clark expedition probably would have failed. If it had failed, our republic might never have expanded beyond the Mississippi. Britain, Spain, and Napoleonic France were all greedy for the western territories, in spite of treaties and purchases to the contrary. And the United States could well have been encircled by hostile European powers.

Without Bird Woman, history would have been different—not just the history of the West, but of the world. ●

AMAZING EXPLOITS, JIM BOWIE

(Continued from page 13)

interpretation upon it. On the following morning Jim found that the man had beaten a sick slave of his to death, and accused him falsely of the crime. Pretending to be most irate, the man threatened to tell LaFitte of Catherine's call, and Jim knew he must be silenced. There followed a spectacular duel.

Bare to the waist and straddling a driftwood log to which their leather breeches were nailed, the opponents faced each other with knives. Jim was armed with the six-inch bone-handled one he habitually wore, and which now elicited the scorn of his antagonist, who carried a much longer blade. That fact was his undoing, for while he drew back his long blade, Jim disemboweled him.

Jim Bowie has related how the running of slaves was conducted at that time. Of course it required some shenanigans, as it was illegal in the United States. He and Rezin bought Negroes, carried them in to the limits of the country, delivered them to custom house officials and then informed on each other. The law gave informers half the value of the slaves, as sold on the auction block by the marshal. The Bowies bought the slaves from the marshal, this bill of sale giving them the privilege of selling in the United States. They then collected the half price for their information, settled with the conniving marshal, and went their way.

This continued until 1821 when La Fitte, having suffered severe losses from storms, with Catherine boarded his favorite ship, the *Pride,* and sailed for Yucatan, where he died five years later.

The Bowie brothers, having saved $65,000, gave up slave dealing and began speculating in land, buying large tracts in Arkansas and Louisiana. Their father had died in 1819, so they established their mother at Arcadia, a plantation not far from Alexandria. There they built the first steam sugar mill in Louisiana, and thereafter called that place home. Jim bought the plantation Sedalia, near Natchez, on the west side of the Mississippi River. At last he was what he had set out to be, one of the landed gentry! His pleasures and sports were fox hunting, horse racing, dancing and flirting with the pampered daughters of the 'cotton aristocracy' of the district—but never losing sight of his business interests, for always he was a shrewd business man.

While riding by a neighboring plantation one day, Jim saw a man beating a Negro who was tied to a tree. Jumping from his horse Jim ran to the Negro, slashed him loose—and turned around to face a pistol in the owner's hand. The gun misfired, and Jim closed with the man, nearly severing his hand from his wrist. He then calmly fashioned a tourniquet with his own handkerchief, took the victim to a physician, paid the surgical fee, and turned himself over to the law, where he was required to pay

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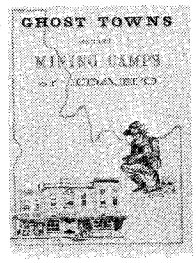

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a fine. He then bought the slave at twice his value and thereafter had the Negro's devoted service. Old Sam was well known to all of Jim's acquaintances.

There were dealings with another neighbor that did not turn out so happily. The Bowies had opposed Major Norris Wright in his race for sheriff, incurring his enmity; also, he belonged to a faction competing with them for certain lands, and he had once prevented Jim from getting a bank loan. But more telling than all else, no doubt, was the fact that he was a suitor for Judalon's regard. He seemed about to be rewarded with success in that direction, for she had consented to divorce her once-rich, and socially well placed husband whom she had married shortly after her dismissal of Jim.

Jim knew all this, but the girl was still in his blood. He had never been able to forget her and, knowing that her husband was weak and unprincipled, he had kept himself informed of her life and on more than one occasion, without her knowledge, he had aided the husband financially, for Judalon's husband had dissipated all of his own fortune.

In the summer of 1826 Wright and Jim had met by accident in Alexandria, and on that occasion Wright drew his pistol and fired at Jim. The bullet was deflected by a silver dollar in Bowie's pocket. Unarmed but furious, Jim waded into Wright, and would have killed him with his fists had others not intervened. After this Rezin gave Jim a knife made by Jesse Cliffe, a Negro blacksmith on the plantation at Arcadia. It was made from a file, and had a nine and a half inch blade and a guard. This last innovation Jim deeply appreciated, for once he had suffered a severe cut when using an ordinary butcher knife.

The enmity with Wright saw its finish on September 19, 1827, at the noted Vidalia Sandbar fight. The Vidalia Sandbar was an island in the Mississippi River, across from Natchez. For years there had existed a feud between two factions of Rapides Parish. On the one side there was Jim Bowie, Silas Momfort, Sam Wells, General Sam Cuney and his brother Doctor Cuney and George McWhorter. On the other side were Doctor Maddox, Norris Wright, Colonel Robert Craine, Alfred and Edward Blanchard and Doctor Denny. Their quarrels eventually culminated in a duel between Doctor Maddox and Sam Wells, with the others as witnesses.

After an ineffectual exchange of shots the principals shook hands, but here General Cuney stepped forward and said to Colonel Crain, "This is as good a time as any for settling our difficulties."

Wright and Jim also drew pistols, and the shooting became general—a slaughter. Crain killed Cuney and shot Jim through the hip, though the latter succeeded in reaching Crain with his knife, having discarded his empty pistol. When Crain clubbed him over the head with his pistol, Jim, barely conscious, fell to the ground, where Wright shot him through the left shoulder, then rushed upon him with his sword cane.

Bleeding profusely as he was, and unable to rise, Jim received the blade thrust in his chest, delivered with such force that the blade was broken from the hilt. But even though gravely wounded and bleeding profusely, Jim grabbed his enemy's ankle, pulled him down upon himself, and stabbed him to death.

Of the twelve men assembled, Cuney and Wright were killed, Crain and Blanchard were wounded, while Jim Bowie was thought to be dying when he was taken from the field. Jesse Cliffe's knife, which his brother Rezin had given to Jim as a gift, had proved itself, but also it had showed need for improvement in a vital point, and that was length.

When he was able to travel again, Jim went to James Black, a blacksmith of Washington, Arkansas, and commissioned him to make a knife according to a pattern he had whittled. Black made this knife, and because he was interested, he made another, slightly different version that Jim liked so well that he took it, rather than his own design, for his personal use. At the same time he had a tooled leather scabbard made, buckled it about his waist and declared that never again would he be without it. So far as anyone knows, he never was.

It was nearly impossible to get clear title to land in Louisiana where most purchases led to involved litigation, frustrating and boring to Jim. So he resolved on going to Texas, where land was abundant and free.

Two things the Mexican government demanded of its residents in Texas: Mexican citizenship, and membership in the Catholic church. Arriving there in the spring of 1828, Jim lost no time in becoming qualified, being baptized into the Church on June 28th. His fame had traveled before him, so he soon was acquainted with important persons, among them Don Juan Veramendi, soon to become Vice-Governor of Coahuila and Texas, and a leading citizen of San Antonio. This eminent Mexican became his sponsor when he applied for citizenship, and he was given his preliminary papers on October 5th, 1830.

San Antonio, queen city of Texas, was more a collection of villages than a single town. Definitely Mexican in character, a place of leisure and laughter, of music and dancing, the houses were squat, flat-topped rock and adobe, scattered helter-skelter along winding streets shaded by huge trees. Jim felt the charm of the place from the beginning.

Always the business man, however, he interested himself in that field first, ob-

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taining fifteen eleven-league land grants under the Mexican colonization law, and selling them to Louisiana clients who had commissioned him to buy land for them.

When the Governor's daughter, Ursula, showed interest in him, Jim did not discourage it, being well aware of the solid position such a union would give him in Mexican political and social circles.

At the same time—considering it very important—he began the cultivation of friendship with the Lipan Indians, who claimed ownership of St. Denis' lost silver mine Los Almagres (red earth) that was operated first by Indians, then by the Spanish with Indian labor, then by St. Denis, from whom it was repossessed by Lipans.

Jim spent months in Lipan encampments, where he was given the name of El Endioblado, the "devil-possessed," or "the fighting devil." At that place he was as much at home as in the ballrooms of New Orleans and Natchez. Chief Xolic soon accepted him as a friend, and promised to reveal the location of the fabulous silver mine, but explained the tribesmen had been forbidden to do so under pain of death by torture if they did not keep it secret. Unfortunately for Jim, Xolic died, and his place was taken by Tres Manos—no friend to Bowie—as he lost no time in telling Jim. Discouraged in this quest, and needing to attend to business in the States, Jim returned to Natchez after a formal betrothal to Ursula.

Jim spent some time with his mother, John and Rezin at Arcadia, then returned to Natchez to find the upper town as seething with social and political gossip and frivolities as ever, and the lower town as seething with rascally intrigue and vice.

Near midnight one evening, on his way to a tavern in the lower town, Jim came upon a muddy, disheveled youth that he hardly recognized as Bill Lattimore, son of his friend, Doctor Lattimore, who in a frenzy of joy at seeing a friend, grabbed Jim's hand and began telling a tale of woe.

His father was ill, he said, so he had been entrusted with quite a large sum of money to attend to some business for his father. But he was curious to know something of this notorious place, and had entered it only to fall a victim to several of its unsavory denizens. He had, he admitted, taken several drinks and then entered a game of '20 card poker,' at which he lost all of his father's money. Then he was told to keep his mouth shut and was tossed into the street, where he had just recovered his senses.

Even if it had not been Old Bill's son, Jim would have acted as he did then. He took the boy's arm, and together they entered the tavern. Walking directly to the table indicated by young Bill, Bowie took his knife and thrust it, upright and quivering, into the center of the table.

"I'm coming into this game," he said flatly.

A burly man across the table, Bloody Jack Sturvesant, leader of the Hole-in-the-Rock outlaws of the Ohio River, and already a bitter enemy of Jim's because of gambling losses, half rose and exclaimed, "You can't do that, Bowie. We have our players here," and he waved a stiff hand at the three others at the table.

"I said I'm coming in," Jim retorted. "Count one of these fellas out." Still calm, he reached over and tugged his knife from the table top.

Sullenly Jack spoke to one of the men, who rose and offered Jim his chair. Several hours passed then, with everyone concentrating on the game; then Jim rose and beckoned the waiting boy to him. He held out a handful of gold coins and asked, "Will these cover your loss?"

"Oh, yes sir. Thank you, sir. I'll pay this back, Mister Bowie. Every cent of it!"

"That's all right, son. Just stay away from this place for a few more years."

They would have left the place then, but Bloody Jack sprang to his feet with an oath and yelled, "I'm gonna pay *you* right now!" in a thunderous voice.

Bowie spun around, thrusting a pistol into the boy's hand. "Get over there in a corner and kill any man that interferes!"

The feud with Bloody Jack had been building for some time—this was the showdown.

"Please, gentlemen, not here. Not here," the barman cried, but he was silenced by Bowie's, "Right here and right now. Bring some chalk and draw us a ten foot circle."

The combatants stood within the stipulated circle, their left wrists strapped together. Jim had no intention of killing Jack, he said later, for he thought a quick death too good for him. Therefore, his first thrust was to the right armpit, nearly severing the arm, and hopelessly crippling it for life. But that was not the end of it.

Jack's retaliation for this injury came some time later, when he sent three assassins out to ambush Jim and his servant on the Natchez Trace with specific orders that Jim should be killed.

As Jim and Old Sam were riding along the lonely wilderness road one day they were stopped by a volley of shots that wounded Sam as well as Jim's horse. The animal began a frenzied rearing.

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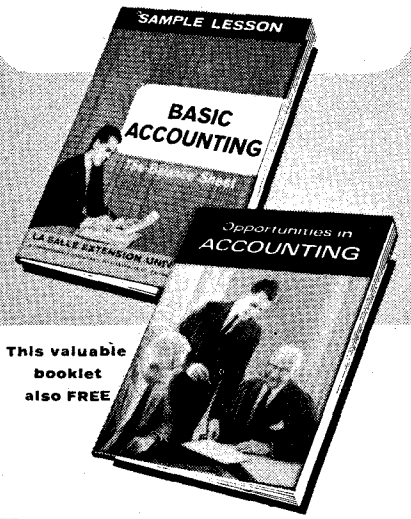

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One of the ruffians seized the horse's bridle, and that was his undoing, for Jim plunged his terrible knife deep into the man's chest, and jumped to the ground to meet the challenge of two more hired killers. As he grappled with one, slashing him in the abdomen, the other turned to flee. The running man almost made it to the sheltering woods along the roadside when Jim threw his knife, cleaving the fellow's head as if it were an apple.

Sam's wound was serious enough so that they had to return to Natchez for treatment. Learning there that his good servant was in no danger of dying, Jim left him and took a steamer for New Orleans.

Steamboats, by this time, were veritable floating hotels, with luxurious quarters for passengers, and nearly every convenience that could be found on land. However, they were still novel enough so that travelers were usually in a state of joyous expectancy and friendliness.

There happened to be a newly married couple on board with whom Jim immediately became friendly, meeting the husband first in the men's coffee room, devoted to gambling, where the bridegroom was seized upon by a trio of gamblers as a 'sucker' fit for trimming. The young wife tried repeatedly to win her husband from the games, but he persisted in playing until he was broke. Then, in despair, he threatened to throw himself into the river.

At this point Jim took over, promising the tearful bride that he would win back their losses. This he did, exposing the gamblers as crooks in the process, and bringing on the inevitable challenge. He returned the money to the newlyweds, and brought out a pair of dueling pistols marked Deringer U.S., frequently used in duels of that time, though not related to the present weapon of that name. The bizarre note here was that he stipulated they should stand on top of each wheelhouse above the hurricane deck. "It will be convenient," Jim said, "for whichever is killed will topple into the river, and save the fuss of a funeral."

This prediction became a fact in the next few minutes when the gambler, shot through the heart, fell into the river.

On April 25, 1831, Jim and Ursula were married, Jim's mother and Rezin being guests at the wedding. Thereafter the couple spent their honeymoon at New Orleans and, incidentally, Jim saw Judalon for the last time.

To his consternation, she called on him at the hotel where he and Ursula were staying and made a frantic bid for his protection. But Jim was finally disenchanted, and gently—for he could act in no other way with a woman—he advised her to return home and try to make a new and happier life for herself.

Back in San Antonio, Jim built a commodious rock house near the old mission of San Jose, spending a few quiet and happy months there before starting his quest for the St. Denis silver mine. On November 2, with twenty-five other adventurers, he set out for the Guadalupe Mountains where, after a prolonged search, they found the substantial log house built by St. Denis, where a huge rock bore his name and the date, 1714. Just below, Jim carved his own name, and the date.

Several hundred Comanches descended upon them suddenly, and they were beseiged for two weeks. They suffered greatly from hunger and thirst before a severe storm came their way, and those still alive escaped under its cover. Half of the men had been killed, but Jim was resolved to return at the first opportunity —an opportunity that never came.

Preacher Morrel relates how, riding into Gonzales one day, he was joined by a stranger on a magnificent bay horse who introduced himself as Jim Bowie. Conversing affably they entered town, where Morrel said he was going to preach at the town hall that evening—there being no Protestant church—and Bowie promised to be there.

When the appointed time came, the place was filled with a lawless crowd bent on making trouble for the minister. When he began his sermon there were boos and catcalls until Jim rose and quietly took a stand beside Reverend Morrel. He raised a hand for silence, then he began to speak in a deceptively gentle, conversational tone.

"Friends," he said, "this good man has come to give us a sermon that we surely need, and we're going to show him the respect of listening quietly. No one is to leave, and if anyone disturbs this service again he will find me waiting for him just outside. I'm Jim Bowie."

No one had recognized him before, but all knew him by reputation, and the preacher had respectful attention during the remainder of the service.

There was to be another trip into the United States, and it was more for the purpose of enlisting help for Texas than for personal reasons, though Jim still had business interests there. During 1832 and 1833 the Black Death, or Cholera, that greatest of all mankillers, swept through the West, killing hundreds, and in some instances wiping out entire wagon trains. There had been several cases in San Antonio, so Jim sent his wife and little son, in the care of his parents-in-law, to Monclova, Mexico, so they would be, as he thought, out of danger.

Bowie made a will at Natchez on October 31, 1833, leaving all of his property to his wife with the exception of a few bequests to his mother and to several favorite slaves. He returned home late in the year to find only his mother-in-law alive. She told him the tragic story of her husband's death by cholera, and

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that of Ursula and her two little sons (for Mrs. Bowie had borne another son at Monclova.) Jim was prostrated with a grief that was made more unbearable by remorse. He felt he had not treated Ursula with the constant affectionate attention she deserved, and at the end, all unknowingly, had sent her to her death.

During that terrible period of depression and regret Jim entered upon a prolonged time of drunkenness from which he was roused only by continued threats against Texas by Mexico.

Sam Houston himself, who once had borne the nickname of The Big Drunk, undertook to reason with his friend, and stress the fact that now, with his adopted country in need, he should get himself in hand and help her. To this Jim listened, and, adopting 'Freedom for Texas' as his motto, he turned all of his mighty energy to that cause and became a spearhead in the Texas revolution that followed. Stephen F. Austin, "Father of Texas," recognized Jim's abilities, and gave him more and more responsibility.

When Sam Houston rode into San Felipe he found Jim in charge there, and besides renewing their old friendship, they made plans for the future of the country.

"No one knows the land like Jim Bowie —when he's sober," he had been told. So he gladly availed himself of that knowledge, delegating important tasks to Jim, in whom he had complete confidence.

A letter of Jim's, written in August of 1835, tells of trips through friendly Shawnee and Cherokee villages for the purpose of enlisting braves to battle against hostile Indians and reiving Mexicans. He did not tell Houston that on this assignment he had visited Tiana, Houston's Indian wife, whom Jim admired and pitied. She was pining away in her lonely home, Wigwam Neosha, near Fort Gibson; she was a woman who soon would die of heartbreak.

James Bowie became, of course, a heroic figure in engagements against the enemy, from the Battle of Gonzales to the siege and taking of San Antonio at Christmas time. After San Antonio he left his companions at the Alamo and rode to San Felipe, where the Consultation was in session. He had one ambition unfulfilled, and meant to put before the Consultation a plea for a commission, which he thought he deserved.

The historian John Henry Brown tells us that a very dignified and imposing-appearing Bowie spoke eloquently of his services and his dedication to Texas, and asked only the privilege of serving where he could do the most good and where his name "...might be honorably associated with the brave and true."

Prophetic words! He was given his commission that same month, and as *Colonel* Bowie he returned to the Alamo, hastening faster than he knew to that immortal companionship of which he had spoken.

From the Alamo Jim wrote to Governor Smith: "Relief at this post in men, money and provisions is vital. The salvation of Texas depends on keeping Bexar (San Antonio) out of the hands of the enemy. Colonel Travis and myself have come to the conclusion that we will rather die in these ditches than give up." Bowie himself had made the decision of staying with the Alamo, though he generously and rightly gave Travis credit also. There had been some friction between the two, and talk of a vote by the men to give authority. This was settled by the coming of Davy Crockett and his 80 Long Rifles, who swung their vote in favor of Bowie when election for officers came up. Jim was made commander of all volunteers, and Travis was to command regular troops and cavalry.

Jim and Davy Crockett, finding much in common, became fast friends for the little time left them, and of course Crockett asked to see the famous knife that almost had an individuality of its own. On examining it he said, "That's enough to scare a man to death—just lookin' at it."

"Well," Jim replied, "when you tickle a man in the ribs with it, he sure don't laugh."

Fate was to step in here with its next-to-the-final blow for Jim. In helping to mount a cannon he fell fifteen feet, smashing a hip and breaking several ribs, one of them puncturing a lung and causing pneumonia. So he was incapacitated, not only from command, but from any active participation in the following events, when the Mexican general's 4000 troops put to the sword the gallant 186 Texans.

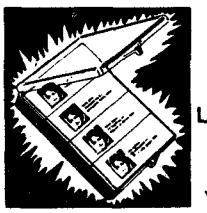
At three o'clock on the morning of March 6, 1836, when Santa Anna's buglers sounded 'duguello'—those sinister notes meaning no quarter, the battle was on. Then Colonel Travis, with his sword, drew a mark on the ground, saying, "All who choose to remain and die with me, step across this line." All the fighting men stepped over, and Jim, lying helpless, asked his comrades to lift his cot over the line.

General Santa Anna, who had been godfather to Jim's wife, Ursula, asked that the bodies of Jim, Travis and Crockett be put to one side, where he might see them. As he looked upon Jim he said, "This was a very valiant man. He ought not to be treated like a dog."

Then with a shrug he added, "But it's of no consequence. Toss him in."

So Jim's body was added to the funeral pyre that already was blazing about his comrades who, as Santa Anna said, "Fought more like devils than men."

Said Thomas Carlyle of James Bowie: "By Hercules! The man was greater than Caesar or Cromwell; nay, nearly equal



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to Odin or Thor. The Texans ought to build him an altar." Which surely is as good an epitaph as could be written.

In Texas there is a monument to him at Texarkana, while a county bears his name, and Montague County honored him by giving his name to both a town and a lake. The nation did somewhat better, naming for him the U.S. Army training center, Camp Bowie, eighteen miles out from Alexandria, Louisiana.

More than a dozen men have claimed the honor of having invented the Bowie knife, whereas it actually was not an invention at all, but an evolution—a little improvement here, more there. First by one man, then by another, until it assumed its present standard form with its three distinguishing features: The main part of the blade broad, for cutting; the two-edged curved point for stabbing, and the guard for protection.

In addition it may be said that it is of the finest steel, and has sufficient weight of handle to give the overall balance necessary to be used in throwing. Many men have claimed to own the Bowie knife, too, and without doubt all told the truth, for Jim gave copies of his weapon to many friends, and it was his intention to equip all of his troops with them. In our own time anyone can obtain a knife of this type. There are good copies available.

A.J. Sowell, a blacksmith of Gonzales, related that Bowie frequently went through that town, usually with parties of men, and stopped one day to ask if Sowell would make a knife for him. The blacksmith did this and had it ready on Bowie's next trip. Bowie accepted and "Paid handsomely for it." Then Sowell asked if he might name it.

Bowie replied, "Certainly. What will you call it?"

"The Bowie," Sowell replied, and so it has been called from that day, the most universally used of any knife of its kind.

There is no doubt that Bowie achieved a mastery of this weapon as has no one else before, or after him. As to what degree the knife may have mastered him—who knows? That is another problem for the fraternity of psychologists. ●

TREASURE TRAILS

(Continued from page 40)

will want a copy of this one. Write Al. Also write Charles Garrett, Box 28434, Dallas, Texas, for his fine little free publication, "Gold Dust Ernie's Tips." Another worth reading is "Discover Magazine;" write White's, 1011 Pleasant Valley Road, Sweet Home, Oregon 97386, for a copy. Publishers, let me know of your new ones!

DON GREENUP, Heppner, Oregon, clearing silt out of a pond on his property with a bulldozer, turned up gold coins that may reach a value of $1,000. Old-timers had said there was gold buried in that area. One Double Eagle turned up was a Carson City coin of 1891 production. Oh, yes, Greenup had the help of TH'ers *with modern metal detectors* to help him! They will get a share.

NEARLY 40 YEARS AGO a stranger rattled a small golden-hued coin before me over a speak-easy bar, offering it for sale to the proprietor, who declined. I examined the coin. It said $5—CALIFORNIA, and had an image of a bear on it. I readily offered a silver dollar in exchange. Later on, examining the coin, I found it was pure brass or tin! Today the same old gyp is being pursued. Bogus "rare coins" are being offered, just as the tin "gold" phoney was offered me. The con men offer the coin, saying "I don't know what it is or anything about it." Or they say it was "found under that old board sidewalk they are taking up over there" (pointing), or some other construction job nearby. You make the offer; you can't prosecute, because they make no statements of the "rare coin's" value. You're hooked. So be sure you know what you're buying in "rare coins." Or you'll get "rare phonies." Federal men are checking the racket in Dallas; the coins come from Mexico or Germany, they believe.

IS THERE A TREASURE HUNTERS Club in the South Chicago area? We have a member or two for you if you will let us know.

IN RECENT GOLD TRANSACTIONS in Europe, the buyer of U.S. Gold coins ($35.85 a troy ounce), made from $5 to $15 on each! The Silver Dollar brings $2. of the "sandwich," or "jawbone" money. Too bad we're not all foreigners and could purchase our own gold!

CLARENCE SEARLE, 220 North 14th, Caldwell, Idaho asks for treasure leads in his area. He has the best in electronic metal-detecting equipment, he states, and is an experienced TH'er. Write to him if you have a good lead.

THOSE WITH TREASURE LEADS in the Kansas City area might get in touch with W.J. (Bill) Rowe, 3221 Hafemann Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66106. Bill has the equipment and lots of *savvy* gained over a long period of time.

TH'ERS INTERESTED in the Old Bottle business, and particularly in the history of the glass industry in America, will be entranced by May Jones' unusual publication, *The Bottle Trail.* It is now in Volume 9, and we predict they will be collectors' items in the near future. May's address: Box 23, Nara Visa, New Mexico 88430. She may have back issues; I don't know.

TOMMY TURNER, 1626 Savage Drive, Mesquite, Texas 75149, is out with a collectors' guide book titled *Old Timey Stuff.* Haven't seen it but hear it's good.

TH'ERS AND SUPPLIERS who have field trials, etc., must let me know far, far in advance so that I may plug them on these pages, for my deadlines are *months* ahead. It's generally just impossible to get in anything regarding such events.

IN ANSWER TO SEVERAL letters inquiring about the new "uranium boom." Yes, there is growing activity in the West in uranium. But beware of the uranium "stock market." It's a good idea to know just what you're buying!

PIRATE'S HORDE, Box 262, Route 5, Meridian, Mississippi 39301, is a paper dealing with maps and treasure tales of southeastern states. ●

THE GALLANT SHERIFF

(Continued from page 29)

ambush afoot. An occasional shot spewed lead into where the gunman thought he was hiding. Finally he occupied a position behind a pile of rocks near the hardcase.

"You're covered!" he called. "Freeze!"

Hesitating a long moment, the hardcase wheeled out and upward, shooting. Loathe to do so, Whitehill had to blast him down. Packing the body into town he sought information about the dead hold-up man. Late the following night the dead man's partner found him.

"I'm going to kill you for doing my

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pard in!" he announced, his gun levelled, backgrounded by a shadowy saloon front where he had jumped out of the blackest gloom.

"I'm sorry that he forced my hand," Whitehill replied, "and I'll feel the same regret for killing *you*—unless you drop that shootin' iron pronto!"

Swearing, the hardcase clicked the hammer back. Whitehill, having edged in close, struck lightning fast with his fist—for he wasn't armed! As the hardcase fell his gun exploded harmlessly. Awakening in jail, he refused to reveal his dead partner's identity. He spent a few months in jail, and disappeared for good when he was released.

Pat Garrett received national notoriety for shooting Billy the Kid to death in a darkened room. Whitehill, who had tried to save William Bonney from going wrong, had arrested him several times. His efforts at rehabilitating the Kid were quickly forgotten and never credited to the valiant New Mexico sheriff.

"Billy the Kid was known in Silver City as Henry McCarty," Whitehill wrote for a publication in 1902. "The Antrim family lived in a log house next to where *The Enterprise* building now stands. With Billy was an older brother, Joe. When the boys' mother died their stepfather lavished almost a mother's care on them; but young Billy somehow went wrong at an early age anyway."

(Authors note: Pat Garrett's history of Billy the Kid, and other historical authorities notwithstanding, he did not kill a man in Silver City for insulting his mother when twelve years old. His mother, Mrs. Antrim, had then been dead three years. Whitehill was sheriff of Grant County during those years and knew the Antrim family well. From the first he denied Garrett's claim the Kid killed a man in Silver City.)

Already sneak-stealing when he was twelve years old, the Kid one day swiped a large amount of butter from a dairyman named Webb. His place was just outside Silver City, where his butter was molded into blocks and disposed of to merchants. The Kid was quickly detected in the theft, but allowed to go free on a promise to mend his ways.

Instead, he continued to steal, going out of town to do most of it. When he was sixteen he robbed a Georgetown Chinaman of $70, and landed in jail.

The Kid was friendly, and exactly that, a *kid*. Trying to talk sense into his knotty head, Whitehill helped him all he possibly could. The Kid seemed to reciprocate in a smilingly responsive way.

"I did what I could for the orphaned boy," Whitehill said. "After all, he was somebody's son and a boy who didn't need to go wrong."

Mrs. Whitehill occupied herself doing a considerable amount of charity work. Doctoring the sick, she also acted as a

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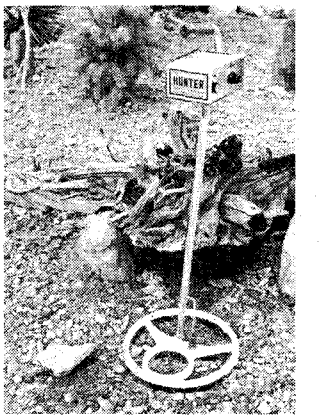

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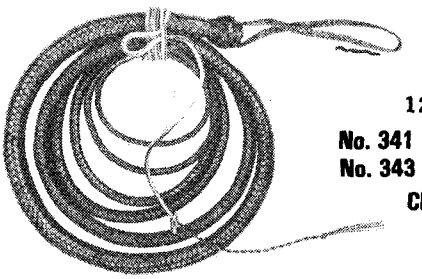

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midwife, because she was skilled at it. Loved and respected for her many kindnesses, she was appealed to frequently by the needy. She was especially regarded as a saintly, helpful woman by the Mexican population.

Two of her children were born in Elizabethtown, and seven more in Silver City. Raising them devotedly, and doing so much for those in need, she sometimes found many household tasks piled up, waiting to be done. Thinking to get the Kid away from unhealthy jail surroundings, Whitehill often let him out to help his wife. But her bettering influence, as well as Whitehill's fatherly concern, failed to do the incorrigible Kid any good.

One day he complained that the jailer mistreated him, confining him to solitary. Whitehill ordered that the Kid have the run of the corridor and bull pen.

"That was my undoing," Whitehill later related ruefully.

Although the stone fireplace chimney in one corner of the jail was very narrow, the Kid was narrower. One day he climbed up through the soot and escaped. When next heard of he had killed a blacksmith at Camp Thomas in Arizona.

At risk of his own life Whitehill caught several desperadoes barehanded. One of them was Joseph (Fighting Joe) Fowler who had killed fourteen men. (There were two Fowlers in New Mexico history and most historians have erroneously combined their killing careers. The one most written about was Joel C. Fowler, hanged by a mob at Socorro in December, 1883. Joel C. Fowler did not reach New Mexico until 1879. Joseph (Fighting Joe) Fowler had been wanted by law officers of Arizona and New Mexico territories since 1869).

Warrants were outstanding for Joseph Fowler in Texas as well as in several New Mexico counties. In the summer of 1879 he had followed the gambling camps with the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad when rails were laid across the territorial border into Arizona. At Houck Tanks in Apache County, he killed a gambler and shot up a tent camp. He then made the mistake of trying to lay low and operate from Grant County, New Mexico.

Tipped off that Fighting Joe hid out on the Gila River, Whitehill started hunting him relentlessly. From his hideout the sheriff took up his tracks and kept to them. Given no time to rest, Fighting Joe grew exhausted after two weeks of running over mountains and desert and circling back on his tracks. In that condition he crawled into a dugout in the Mimbres foothills to snatch a little sleep.

Much closer on his heels than Killer Fowler thought, Whitehill came up, entered, and pounced on his man. But Fighting Joe proved unusually strong, managing to prevent the sheriff from either disarming or handcuffing him. For a long time the two struggled desperately. Just when the sheriff felt his strength giving out, several miners came along and helped him secure Fighting Joe Fowler. Any other sheriff would have shot the outlaw from the door, risking no physical combat with him.

Tried at Hillsboro in what is now Sierra County, on a murder charge, he was convicted and sentenced to death. However, friends of his victim decided that he had already lived too long. Taking him from jail one night by force, they hanged him.

Many a stalwart lawman has discovered that the amateur, would-be badman is sometimes more dangerous than the real article. Whitehill faced one special case that nearly got him killed.

A kid just out of college arrived in Silver City from his Connecticut home. Looking for trouble, he fell in with three toughs. The kid furnished money for their swaggering and carousing, and they schemed to relieve him of a goodly sum.

Came a Sunday night in the Centennial saloon. Drunk, the kid bragged of his intention to cash a bank draft for several thousand dollars. The next day, he said, he and his "pals" were going into the hills to look for gold.

Sizing up his tough friends, local citizens sent word to the sheriff. The kid still spouted off when Whitehill arrived. The besotted boy defiantly waved a sixgun around, perhaps unaware that its possession in town was a violation of the law. He told the kid to hand it over, but the youth stupidly replied, "The man who gets this gun has to take my life first!"

"Well, then, give it to the bartender," Whitehill told him patiently. "He'll return it when you're ready to leave town."

"Who're you, ordering me around?" the kid demanded belligerently.

"I am the sheriff!"

Fearing their intended victim would escape them by becoming embroiled with the law, the three toughs tried to get him to shut up. But the kid, weaving drunkenly on his feet, fired the sixgun accidentally. The bullet cut several hairs out of Whitehill's beard.

An instant after the shot exploded the sheriff struck. The next moment he had the smoking gun and the kid had landed dazedly on the floor. The three toughs started to interfere, but were promptly hustled out of there by bystanders.

Getting the kid back on his feet, Whitehill escorted him to a rear room for some good advice. Once realizing how near to disaster he had come, the kid grew tearfully remorseful.

Next morning Whitehill took him to the firm of Crawford and Porter, where his draft was cashed. When he bought a ticket to New York City Whitehill rode the train to the junction with him. The kid was then on his way east and Whitehill breathed a sigh of relief.

A sheriff had to contend with many types.

Whitehill was generous and kind-hearted, especially so to his friends. But only one man is on record as having abused that friendship. Whitehill signed a note for him which he later refused to pay off. This forced the sheriff to sell his Silver City home in 1887. Later he extended his holdings on the Mimbres River and acquired more land that included the old townsite of Mowry. His wife and their nine children lived there while he ran cattle, until he was again elected sheriff. This time he served until December 31, 1890, and quit for good.

In some parts he was famed as "the sheriff who never carried a gun." This was almost, but not quite, true. Like the famous Bear River Tom Smith, of Kansas, he could use his fists expertly and violently. Also, he possessed an instinct for knowing when resistance to the death would develop. Otherwise he seldom bothered packing a sixshooter. His quiet, firm demand to surrender usually attained the desired result. There is no better example than the soldier shooting scrape in Joe Dyer's saloon.

Five Negro troopers came to town from Fort Bayard to celebrate on pay day. They got into an argument and shooting erupted. One trooper killed three fellow troopers, and wounded the fourth. Taking up the fight, citizens forced the recalcitrant trooper into barricading himself in the back of the saloon. When he refused to surrender to town officers, Whitehill was notified.

The situation was fraught with potential violence and death, but the sheriff was the man to cope with it.

Mrs. Whitehill at this time revealed an active and considerable concern, but she was never the weepy type. Her feelings on this occasion were more torn by the fact that their youngest son, Cornelius, had been seriously wounded in a shooting accident a few days before.

(Says the Whitehill's only surviving daughter, 87-year-old Mrs. Olive W. Bell, "That was the only instance that I can remember my mother getting excited. At all times she was a very calm person, displaying good judgement.)

Moseying near, Whitehill asked the trooper somewhat gently to put away his gun. The man promptly replied, "All right, Mr. Whitehill. I'll give up to you because I know you'll protect me from the mob." And he was right—Whitehill turned him over to Fort Bayard officers.

The Whitehill family was hard to shake up, and this spirit of serenity and self-reliance applied to them all. This item appeared in *The Enterprise* December 4, 1888: "Another robbery was attempted last night at the Whitehill residence. Miss Maggie Whitehill heard the bur-

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glars, and fired through the door at them, but unfortunately without effect."

Some weeks later a local souse was caught breaking into the residence the sheriff had rented in Silver City. But such was the family's pity for him that he was only ordered to leave town.

At five p.m. Tuesday, February 22, 1889, gambler John W. Brown was shot and killed in the Centennial Saloon by Ada Humes. Described by local newspapers as a "fallen woman," she played the piano in the Monarch Saloon.

In a picque of jealousy, the handsome, thirty-year-old woman located Brown in the gambling room. Drawing a small pistol wrapped in a handkerchief from the bodice of her silk dress, she shot him as he tried to dodge away. The bullet entered between Brown's left ribs, and passing to the right side, killed him almost instantly.

Fleeing from the rear of the saloon, Ada was hidden in a locked outhouse by another woman of ill-repute. Deputy Sheriffs Al Card and C.L. Cantly arrived quickly and located the murderess' hiding place. Kicking down the door they hauled her, fighting and screaming, to jail.

Investigating the killing, Whitehill skillfully collected evidence proving the slaying premeditated. He located witnesses who heard Ada swear that she intended to kill Brown because of his attention to another woman. It looked like a cut and dried case against her.

But influential attorneys who appeared in the beautiful demimonde's defense managed a change of venue to another county. Despite the indisputable evidence produced by Whitehill, a "western minded jury of men," as the Silver City press reported, saw fit to bring in a verdict that got her a mere three years in the territorial penitentiary.

Very soon after Ada entered the pen at Santa Fe all manner of rumors incensed Silver City citizens. It was claimed that she received special treatment that included fancily furnished private quarters, with a piano which she played for visitors who were allowed to visit her at all times. At the height of the controversy Whitehill made a personal investigation, pronouncing the stories groundless.

In April store owner Gee Lung was held up and robbed of $34. As the bandit departed the Chinaman chased him down Texas Street. But the wily robber lost himself by sprinting faster than his victim. Working the case quietly, Whitehill traced the culprit to Fort Bayard and brought him back to town. But Gee Lung, perhaps fearing reprisals, refused to identify him.

Footpads, small time robbers and roving women invaded Silver City, where money from the rich mines flowed like water. In general they were a complete nuisance and the jail was filled with them.

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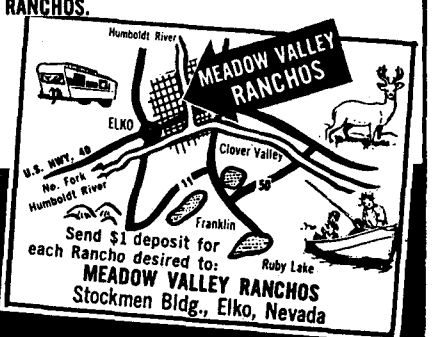

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So Whitehill published a proclamation of warning:

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all persons who are without visible means of support, must immediately leave Silver City or find work. Lewd women found on the streets, under the influence of liquor, will, with their escorts, be arrested and locked up.

H.H. Whitehill, Sheriff

Silver City, N.M.T., April 24, 1889.

The migration of unwanted denizens was swift and permanent, for they knew the sheriff meant business.

With his keen analytical mind, solving murder cases seems to have been Whitehill's *forte.*

Quib Sing and Deah Poup, Chinese gardeners on the Carwile place south of town, were badly battered with axes and robbed in their cabin by three intruders. Both were hospitalized, and their suspects were taken to them for identification before Poup died. But neither would finger a suspect. Five more miscreants were brought in, and again the Chinese refused to say whether their attackers were in the group.

But Whitehill, having good reason to believe he had the right men, continued ferreting out evidence after Poup's death until he had landed Rafael Traevior and another Mexican in jail charged with murder and robbery.

The third man he identified as a no-good named Brock. While searching the countryside for this carefully concealed man's hideout, Whitehill fell into a mine shaft on the Pacific vein workings. His bulk was such that his body caught on timbers a few feet below, and he extricated himself without suffering serious injury. However, he lost Brock, the suspect, who was never caught.

One day there walked into his office a gaunt cowman, J.C. Webb from Alpine, Texas. He told the sheriff that a man known only as Davidson had killed his brother, Jeff Webb, the past July. Webb had never seen the slayer but had received a tip that he was somewhere in these parts.

Sympathetic, Whitehill got busy. Soon he talked to an Annie Dedrick, who said that she not only knew Davidson after he arrived in the southwest but that he had told her about killing Jeff Webb. He was then near Camp Grant in Arizona.

Greatly impressed by J.C. Webb, and wishing to serve the cause of justice, Whitehill decided to employ his talents outside his county. Taking Webb along, and confiding in no Arizona officers, he trailed Davidson from Camp Grant into the Graham Mountains. Apprehending the man in hiding, he was spirited across the territorial line into New Mexico. When confronted by the Dedrick woman, Davidson confessed his crime and was turned over to Texas officers.

Frank Murray, George West, Harry Tacket and A.C. Dolores were arrested on the Gila River. They had in their possession twenty-four head of cattle and three fine stallions for which they could not account. Jailing them, Whitehill suspected that this bunch of well-known stock thieves would go scot free. Snooping, he found a postcard written by an employe of the Cowsprings Ranch asking Frank Murray to come and get ten head of horses he had left there.

Of this *The Enterprise* said, "That was enough clue for our wily Sheriff Whitehill!" Rounding up the stolen horses as evidence, and bringing witnesses from the Cowsprings Ranch, the thieves were easily convicted.

Such was his kind nature that Whitehill was forever helping all sorts of people in trouble. One case was that of some Mexicans from south of the border, who trailed a band of their rustled horses into Grant County. On losing the sign they appealed to Whitehill for help. Recovering the trace, he followed it on into Dona Ana County. There the Mexican nationals got back thirty-one head of their horses.

Soon after this, down-and-outer Henry Schmider walked all the way north from El Paso, bringing his small daughter, aged 8, and a son of five. The poor children were ragged and starving. Some kindly person gave the little girl a dollar to get something to eat. Promptly taking it from her, Schmider drank it up in the nearest saloon. Incensed over the matter, Whitehill took the children to his home, where his wife scrubbed and fed them. Attired in new clothing, they were kept there until a good home was found for them.

Thomas Lyons, egotistically referring to himself as "Thomas the Lion," assumed arbitrary control of the LC outfit after his partner's death. One day he raged into Whitehill's office. Three thieves had run off a hundred head of LC beef steers, and what was the blankety-blank law going to do about it?

The sheriff didn't get ruffled at all. Lyons, notorious for hanging stock thieves without benefit of the law, had failed to capture them. Whitehill said that he would look into the matter.

"You'd better start putting a big posse together!" Lyons threw at him.

"What for? Didn't you say there are only three of them?"

After Lyons stormed out, Whitehill went to thinking. Three stranger cowboys had been in town the night before and were still around. Sauntering downtown he learned that they had mentioned going to camp in the Burro Mountains before another dawn. Might be that the thieves were laying low up in the mountains with the stolen beef.

That night he saddled up and rode from town, going into hiding on the regular trail west. As dawn grayed the three cowboys rode past his secluded position, slacked sleepily in their saddles.

Following at a distance, he did not jump to any conclusions until he found LC steers in the mountain timber. When he sneaked in on their camp the thieves had cooked breakfast, and were having a leisurely meal. Sauntering in, he was invited to sit and eat. He took a tin cup of coffee, engaging them in lazy conversation until he was ready to take them in.

"Let's traipse back to Silver City, boys," he drawled. "I'll send LC riders after the outfit's beef."

The cowboys tensed, eyeing him uneasily. Was the sheriff stupid, or did a posse hover close around them in the timber fingering guns?

One of them said shortly, "Well, looks like there's little else we can do."

Not until they were disarmed, tied to their saddles and riding out did they finally awaken to the fact that no posse existed. The nervy sheriff had come after them alone.

One day two outlaws took over the village of Separ on the Southern Pacific Railroad, planning to rob miners from Hachita who came there to have a good time. Especially a miner named Jackson who carried his earnings—$480—in a small satchel. The outlaws put up at the small hotel where the miners always stayed, and that night they started shooting up the house. The miners fled outside to safety. As foreseen, Jackson fled wildly into the night with the others, leaving the satchel behind. The outlaws hid it in a woodpile and went to the railroad station. The agent was a woman telegraph operator. While the outlaws terrorized the people there she courageously sent out a call for help.

When the appeal for help reached Lordsburg, Whitehill happened to be there. He caught the next train north with Robert Black, a special railroad security officer. They arrived in town to find scared people hidden out in fear of their lives. Boozed up, the two outlaws were sleeping it off in a boarding house.

Procuring a shotgun from somewhere, Whitehill awakened the outlaws by poking them with the muzzle. Close proximity to death did the job, and both surrendered meekly. They proved to be William Walters, *alias* Bronco Bill, and Mike Mcginnis. Both were wanted Arizona outlaws. After securing the prisoners, Whitehill found Jackson's satchel by pure deduction.

Unfortunately, after being jailed the notorious outlaws somehow contrived to be surreptitiously released and wended their way elsewhere—only to be recaptured by other lawmen.

Pat Garrett, Mean-As-Hell Dee Hark-

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ey, and several other New Mexico sheriffs gained great fame as lawmen. They were the swashbuckling types most often written about. Whitehill did not fancy blood-spilling glory. Probably he was forced to shoot to death no more than five desperadoes during his entire career. Yet, for his twelve years of sheriffing he arrested more hardened criminals, and solved more tough cases, than all of the spectacular sheriffs together. Almost singlehanded—and never a gun-slinging sheriff—he courageously established law and order on the territory's remote frontier. New Mexico owes him a debt of honor and gratitude that can never be paid.

On finishing his last term as county sheriff he retired quietly with his family to the Mimbres River ranch. Then the great sorrow of his life came to pass on April 20, 1895, when Harriet M. Stevens-Whitehill died at age 56.

She was one of the most beloved of the New Mexico pioneer women. They still tell in Silver City how, when a small child died of a quick-killing contagious disease, everyone refused to risk their lives laying out the body. But she did, unafraid and because it was the decent, charitable thing to do. The town and countryside turned out en masse for her funeral. She was buried in the brown silk dress in which she was married 39 years before.

In his retirement Whitehill was elected to the territorial legislative assembly. In 1901 he was married again; his second wife was Sarah Brown, of Georgia.

In 1905 he became the victim of Bright's Disease. Thinking the Georgia climate might help him, he and Sarah went to live in her old home in Georgia, but there was no improvement, so they returned to the Southwest. After establishing a new home in Deming, the gallant sheriff died on September 7, 1907. ●

DOG CALLED PANCHO

(Continued from page 8)

extended on the ground.

Pancho pounced. He grabbed the snake's body just back of its head with his jaws, and though the snake hissed and tried to squirm free, the white fangs punctured the scaly skin. Like a pup with a set of longjohns stolen from a clothesline, Pancho whipped the snake's body against the ground, the bushes, and the trees nearby until it hung limply in his jaws. Instinct as well as experience told Pancho that the snake was still dangerous though limp, as he finally flung the bloody rope of a body as far to the side as possible. He watched it intently as it thudded to the ground, stirred and twitched and slithered as it settled and finally lay still.

Then Pancho went on about his interrupted business, whatever it might have been, his tail held high.

But Pancho was not much for looks, in a pedigreed sort of way. In fact, his blood lines had been horribly scrambled. But somewhere among his progenitors had been a Labrador Retriever, and this forefather (or possibly foremother) Pancho resembled as much as possible. In short, Pancho was a mutt, a hybrid, a mongrel, but showing the fading signs of an illustrious ancestry.

Pancho was one of a litter born to a bitch in one of the Spanish-American villages along the San Juan River in the early 1900s. As a pup he was taken in by the Gay family, then of the vicinity of Cedar Hill, New Mexico. He was taken in as a ranch dog—to spend the bulk of his days as he grew older as a "yard" or "stock" dog—but no one specifically set out to teach him or train him in, for example, the method of killing snakes.

In short, what Pancho lacked in eye appeal—and he wasn't a bad looking dog, either—he more than made up for in wisdom and intelligence. Intelligence of a very high order; plenty of horse sense, or I suppose you would have to say, "dog sense."

But speaking of horses, who else but Pancho would figure out all by his lonesome a unique way of driving them?

Now all ranch dogs sooner or later get around to driving stock, but with many of them it is a game. Some of them go to the wrong end and taunt and goad the stock, like Pancho did with the snakes, into following them—sort of a game of "follow the leader." And others go to the right end, learn to nip the stocks' heels, but when the stock kicks run back to safety. Still a game, you see.

But not Pancho. Stock-driving was a business with him, and he had it all figured out in a businesslike way. He would go to the right end—that is to say, the back end—nip the heels, but when the stock kicked back he wouldn't be there. Nor would he run back to safety. He would flatten himself on the ground under the flying hooves, and if the brute didn't do what Pancho wanted him to do, he'd repeat the procedure as many times as necessary. He nearly drove the cow-brutes and horses batty. They never could figure him or why they could never connect a well-placed kick on him. But it got so they would see Pancho coming and they would start moving the right way. Now. Right now.

Pancho was good with hogs, too. Like the time the hogs broke out of their pen

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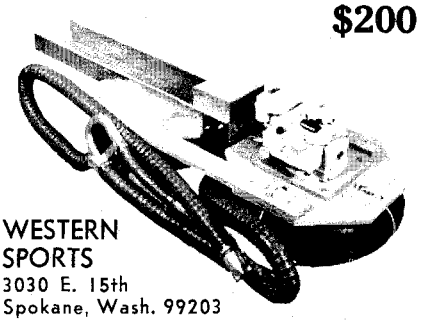
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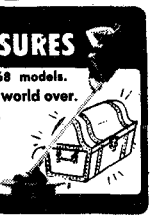

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and no one in the family knew anything about it. Pancho was on his way home from business of his own, when he came across the porkers rooting happily in the oak grove. Pancho knew very well that they had no business being there; that they ought to have been in their own pasture, with hog wire all around it, up by the corral. So, without guidance of any sort or kind, he started getting them back where they belonged. A few barks as he rounded them up and a few nips judiciously delivered got the porkers moving, protesting with squeals and grunts with every step. Running to first one flank, and then around the rear to the other flank, Pancho pointed them and kept them going in the right direction. The hogs didn't like it very much—they liked those acorns better—but what choice did they have? There wasn't a hog made, or bunch of them, for that matter, who was a match for the brainpower of Pancho. And hogs aren't "dumb," either.

When Pancho got the hogs up to their pasture gate, he faced a problem. The gate was still up. Nowhere did there appear to be a break in the fence. How to get the truants in where they belonged?

Pancho had the answer. He drove the porkers past their pasture and up to the corral near the house. The corral fence was of picket construction and was, therefore, hog tight. Pancho bunched the hogs against the corral fence and held them there while he barked and fussed until some one came out from the house. That some one sized up the situation, dropped the pasture gate, and Pancho drove the truants in where they belonged. Later, the break in the fence was fixed by the family, so that was that. Simple.

Now the Gay family were stockmen, both sheep and cattle. They ranged their stock in the vicinity of Aztec and Cedar Hills during the winters, and in the summers trailed their stock north into the high country above Durango. So it was back and forth at least twice a year, plus side trips to the home place, to the loading chutes, to salt the stock, for the family. And wherever the family went, there would go Pancho.

All of this travel was by horseback, of course. Except for Pancho. He was expected to walk. But Pancho couldn't see it that way. When there was need for his services along the long trail, bringing back a steer that had made a break for the tules, for example, or bunching the sheep, well and good; he could see expending energy. Otherwise, not.

And Pancho had an answer for this, too.

He'd come up alongside a rider on the trail and whine to draw attention. Then, he'd give a bound and mount the horse whether it was moving or not, to flop like a sack of grain across the pommel of the saddle. He'd ride like this until he was rested or until there was need for his services, when he'd jump down and go about his business. Simple, again.

When Pancho was better then thirteen years old, as nearly as the family could figure it, he apparently lost some of his good judgment. He was out in the hay field one summer day with the hay crew (looking for snakes to devil and kill, perhaps?) Suddenly he got mixed up—zigged when he should have zagged, maybe—with the cutter bar on the horse-drawn mower.

Before they could stop the team, the mower had done what many snakes had tried to do in the years past but no snake had ever succeeded in doing. Pancho lived through it, according to Don Gay, but his front legs were badly chewed up by the cutter bar, and he was never the same dog afterwards. In their pity and sorrow the family "retired" Pancho, put him out to pasture. Seeing the younger ranch dogs going about the ranch chores he knew so well, but which he used to be able to perform ever so much better than they, must have killed the fine old dog's spirit just a little.

Even so, he lived for nearly two years longer, crippled and helpless. He was buried by his family with great honor. And though gone for many years now, he is still remembered by his family and others as the dog who was almost—if not quite—human.

Pancho. ●

MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

John St. Clair's tale of how he killed the Dalton gang: He heard a commotion in the alley. He peeked through a knothole in his corral fence and saw the outlaws running to their horses. He ran to his office, picked up his Winchester and ran back; he poked it through a knothole and blazed away. An outlaw bit the dust. St. Clair then jumped to one side of the knothole as a flock of bullets flew through the hole. He repeated the process until all of the outlaws had bit the dust.

Mr. Will Sonenberg's tale of the bank robbery: He was nineteen at the time and had nothing to do that day, so he walked downtown to see the sights. He saw the Dalton gang march to the bank, three in the front and two in the rear. After robbing the bank, they ran for their horses, shooting at doors and windows as they ran. Mr. Sonenberg dived for cover, same as every one else. He saw John St. Clair dive into his stable and flop on the floor in a horse stall until the shooting was over.

The Indians that followed the Daltons to Baxter Springs, Kansas, to recover their horse herd, also caught Grat Dalton with the herd. They would of hung him right there if the sheriff had not butted in. Those Indians were my cousins.

From an Old Cherokee Indian
A.L. (Smokey) Roberts
161 N. Rife St.
Aransas Pass, Texas 78336

BANK NAMED CONDON

Gentlemen:

Your story in May 1968 issue of *The West* called "The Way It Was at Coffeyville" by anonymous has very little actual facts.

There were only *five* men in the Dalton Gang when they entered Coffeyville, not six.

Three of the gang were Grat Dalton, Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell. These *three* men entered the C.M. *Condon* & Co. Bank. This correct spelling can be clearly seen on top of the bank building in a full picture of the bank.

Bob Dalton and Emmett Dalton went to the First National Bank.

The sixth member of the gang that *did not* enter Coffeyville is believed to be Bill Doolin, but he left the gang for some reason at the town limits.

The outlaws in the Condon Bank were told that the time lock would not be off until *9:45*—not 10:00 as in your story. This made the waiting time *3* minutes—not 20 minutes. The whole action at Coffeyville took only 10 minutes from the given alarm till the end.

Marshal Connelly was not aware of the outlaws presence as he was totally unarmed when the alarm was given. He borrowed a rifle from Swisher's Gun Shop to take part in the action, but was killed by Grat Dalton. He was not forming a posse to capture the gang as in your story.

Charles Brown, Lucius Baldwin and George Cubine were killed by Bob Dalton.

The correct spelling for the hero of Coffeyville is John *Kohler*, who was credited with (the) killing of Bob and Grat Dalton. Kohler was given a rifle by Barndollor from his own store.

Dick Broadwell was the outlaw that escaped, but was found dead a mile from the scene, near the gate of the creamery on Independence Road.

Emmett Dalton mounted his horse in the alley and rode to safety, but returned to help Bob after Bob had been hit. This was how Emmett was wounded while

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helping Bob to mount his horse.

Emmett was not killed. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to life, but received a pardon after serving seven years. He married Julia Johnson and later moved to California.

I have made quite a study of the Daltons and am present owner of one of Bob Dalton's guns carried at Coffeyville. I have a large display of Dalton material including the S. and W., serial #258702, with Bob's name and date on the backstrap. This gun was formerly in the Donnin's Arms Museum of N. Miami, Florida, and was also in the write-up by Guns Magazine, March 1962.

Yours truly,
Fred E. Warner
Post Office Box 577
West New York, N.J. 07093

Many thanks for your fine letter giving detailed corrections. It must be remembered that this particular article was a contemporary newspaper account of the Coffeyville raid by the Daltons. Our Editorial Department thought the accompanying illustrations interesting enough to reprint this old story.

MORE COFFEEVILLE

Dear Sir:

In your May, 1968 issue of *The West,* on page 20 is a story about the Daltons at Coffeyville. Most of it is true *but* the part about Emmett being killed there on Oct. 5, 1891.

This is an error as I lived two blocks from Emmett in Barttesville, Okla. from 1919 to 1923. Saw him in his yard when I was going to Jr. High School and he was a customer of mine on my paper route.

He later went to Hollywood and was technical director for western pictures until his death in 1936.

Think your magazine is great.

Sincerely,
Perry S. Powers
P.O.Box 151
Sunnyvale, Calif. 94088

OLD-TIMER REMINISCES

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you for your kindness in printing my letter, which concerned the lady of Nashville, Indiana. I've been busy hunting the write-up on the gang of 1906 robbery in Union Missouri, of that year. As soon as I get the dope on it, I'll send it in. Hope it will please her.

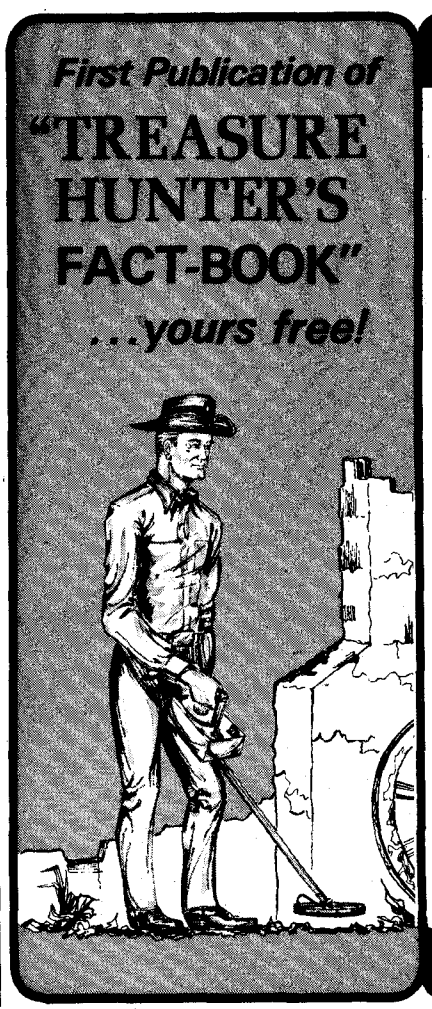
Some time ago, in one of the great hotels here in Knoxville, I sat in the lobby, just watching the people come and go. As anyone would do, I began to drum up a conversation with an old-timer of the West. I was so excited to hear of his boyhood days. The yarn he told me, really caused me to sit up, take notice.

He began by telling his experience as a kid. I let him have the floor because I was fascinated by the tale he told. He said he was born in a town of Perryville, Kansas in 1885 and just barely remembers the bank robbery of Coffeyville only 10 miles from his homestead, and he was just six years old at the time the Daltons came in to rob two banks. He told me the population of Perryville was about 450, because at the time, the settlers from the East hadn't begun to increase the trade of the town. His father ran a livery stable down the street to take care of guests who came in and lodged at the hotel.

The bank, a post office, two General stores, a blacksmith shop, a hotel and a Saloon, made up the business of the town. He said he didn't get to go to school like most kids did or should, and since his Ma had died, then Pa had to take care of him, the best he knew how. His most enjoyable time in his life was at the saloon, but he hung around there a lot, and a few times going in, only finding himself out on his fanny. As a boy he said, he did only as a boy would do.

The fights there were frequently made, and he saw all kinds of women there, barmaids, call girls, dancing gals, and the lot. "Son, he said, the streets on a dry hot day was as dusty as a desert, even the stores in front looked as though it had powdered its face. On a rainy day the streets became an inferno of sticky mud. The men carried women on their backs, and it was the only time a man could hold a woman and not get his face slapped. "I stood for hours," he said, and watched the heavy wagons, pulled by large horses. Oh, how they pulled and strained until their poor backs humped up in the middle. Some of them fell on their bellies. I sure did feel sorry for them," he said. His father didn't know half the time where he was, and since he was so busy with his work, he didn't care much.

He told how late one afternoon he was standing near the hitching post, he saw a posse bringing in an old Indian Chief and he learned later that the Chief had frightened a white woman out on the range. The chief remained calm and erect on his pony, only casting his eyes from one person to the next, and hadn't said a word. His hands were tied behind him, and his face shown a bit of wrinkles etc. What went on in that mind of his he said, only God knew, and the Chief knew. Then an old friend who was a scout and a dear friend of the Chief's, came in view, and spoke well of the old Chief and asked that he be set free. The party had come to an agreement to let



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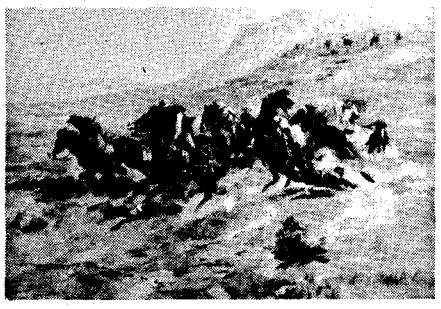

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him go. The old scout told them, it was her husband who had hired the old Chief to scare his wife, because she was seeing a man at the saloon.

One of the posse men reached over and untied him, and the old warrior slowly turned around and moved out quietly, towards the hills. He didn't run out, nor didn't make any speeches to return. He said the town was in an uproar for a little while thinking he would return on an uprising, but he never did. The old Chief vanished from sight. The two general stores were the Arthur Ledbetter and Jake Moore's.

I used to steal candy from Ledbetter's store he said, and I guess he refused to hire me later in life. He just didn't trust me. While he was telling the store story, I thought of my Grandpa's store, too. Well, by now he was getting tired and restless, and he was up in age, and I really enjoyed his boyhood life story. He said the town had changed a lot and it was one reason his Pa moved to a town down in Texas. His last remark from his Pa was that the town of Perryville was becoming too civilized, so he packed up and moved on. He shook hands with me, and he went up to his room for a nap. I remembered the tale, as he told me, and I thought I'd pass it on to others, as it was an interesting piece of material. His Pa had gone to his reward in later years. Glad to have met Mr. Newt Henderson.

Yours Sincerely,
James C. Glazner
2404 McCroskey Ave.
Knoxville, Tenn. 37917

AUNT NELL

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me or some of your readers if they can tell me anything about my uncle & aunt Charlie & Nellie Crourl. They had a sheep ranch in Austin, Texas. My aunt Nell was going blind, so they sold out and went to Los Angeles, California in 1907 or 1908. I have a picture of aunt Nell taken in Austin by the Marks Photo Co. Sure would love to hear anything anyone can tell me. They are both dead now. When in Austin they were very rich, but died without a nickel. I am her name-sake. I have a large stack of the old western magazines. Guess I will give them to our boys in some Vet hospital.

Good luck. I really love *The West* magazine.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Nell Van DeWater Danna
1125 Pinecrest
Vidor, Texas 77662

HOMEMADE COTTAGE CHEESE

Dear Editor:

I am writing to ask if anyone can give me a recipe for making cottage cheese. It used to be made on early-day ranches; almost everyone who milked cows had it on hand.

It seems now it is hard to find anyone who knows how to make it. As a lot of your readers are old-timers, doubtless they still have the recipe.

Will appreciate all replies.

Sincerely,
Joe Ender
Tioga, North Dakota 58852

The editors of The West magazine would like to have a letter or two on this same subject; we know many of our readers would appreciate such a recipe.

ADVERTISING COMPLAINT

Gentlemen:

I have been an ardent reader of your publications for several years, buying them at newsstands and other outlets. I was seriously considering subscribing to them, but after purchasing your current May issue of *The West,* and noticing with great disgust the full page ad on the inside back cover, I would never again permit one of your magazines in our home! I can't think you can possibly be needing money so badly that you are forced to accept business of that caliber. If you continue along that line, I feel you'll lose far more than you ever will gain. That ad is an insult to decent people!

Very truly yours,
Ralph C. Lester
6727 17th N.W.
Seattle, Wash. 98107

Maverick Publications sincerely regrets the occurrence. As with all such mistakes, it happened at a busy, hectic time, and it appears no one paid sufficient attention to the ad in question, which certainly does not belong in a family magazine. The publisher—and the editors—of The West *and of* Golden West *are determined to personally scan incoming advertising so that such a thing will not happen again.*

WILLIAMS PRACTITIONER

Dear Editor:

Those of us who consider ourselves Westerners, and I am one, of 40 years, having moved from Washington, D.C., are as much disturbed today as the true Westerner was when he read Ned Buntline's wild tales of the early west. How can people come out here and in a few days learn so much wrong information as is shown by the first letter in THE Mail Pouch of the May 1968 issue of *The West?*

The young lady who wrote the letter is certainly most confused in her geography. She writes of the Havasupai Indians who live in a side canyon at the western end of Grand Canyon National Park. Please, please give the good State of Arizona credit for being the home of

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the marvelous Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. This canyon never has been and never will be in the State of Colorado.

The writer is a General Practitioner in Williams, Arizona and has a goodly number of the Havasupai Indians as patients. Our files are full of the names Watahomigie and Uqualla, two of the leading families of the Havasupai. Many of these Indians work at the Grand Canyon Village, some here in Williams and many in the Seligman-Peach Springs area for the Santa Fe Railroad. I have yet to find one who does not speak English, where I have many Navajo who do not.

The writer of the letter in question must have seen the younger men in the tribe who are trying to prove their manhood by growing some of the weirdest and scraggliest mustaches and beards that one can imagine.

Did the writer not see the brush huts and arbors that these Indians use? I can furnish pictures if need be, made by me when a group of us rode down on our animals into Supai Canyon and saw the marvelous course and falls of Cataract Creek, which is truly "The Land of the Sky Blue Waters".

Here is for the wish of more accurate reporting in the future of such a beautiful spot.

Sincerely,
Martin C. Flohr, M.D.
Bin 787
Williams, Arizona 86046 ●

HIGH COST OF MOURNERS

(Continued from page 19)

father's brother's wives are called mother. If one wants to find out who is the real mother of a child he must ask: "Who is your very mother?"

Custom also dictates the use of a person's name. Although the Dakotas have no family name, each person has a personal name given in infancy which is retained throughout life as his "real name." Not even near relatives use this name when speaking to each other. The members of the family, in speaking of each other or to each other, use the name of the relationship, always addressing each other in this formal way. The children always say, "my brother" or "my sister" when addressing each other. A father and mother always addresses a child as "my son" or "my daughter." A husband always denies even knowing his wife's name. He refers to her as "the mother of my children." To use the familiar or "real name" would be rude, and an Indian is seldom rude.

I have had to listen to long flights of oratory when some old chief has come to ask a favor. He cannot get to the order of business without making a flowery speech as is dictated by his rules of etiquette. But patience is required since these old customs are still respected among my Indians.

SOME INDIAN FRIENDS August 14, 1891

The usual callers keep coming to see me. They feel they must report to Winona anything of importance. At least this reasoning gives them an excuse to call. And I welcome each one and listen to him with patience.

I was deeply touched by Grindstone's report of occurrences that took place during the time I was away seeing authorities in my attempt to prevent Buffalo Bill from taking some of our "hostile" chiefs to Europe with his Wild West show. We all know what harm it did Sitting Bull to make one of those tours with Cody.

Grindstone came to tell me that the Indians think that Little Eagle's soul "went to heaven through your house." I asked him what made them think so. He said: "Early on the morning of Sitting Bull's arrest, at about the moment when the policemen were shot, the windows of your house suddenly shone with a golden light. Since there was no fire in your house, we believe the glow was caused by Little Eagle's soul passing through. And since you have always been our brother's friend and taught him about the Christian life, it is not surprising that he chose your house as his way out of this world."

I could not at the moment think of an explanation for Grindstone as I was almost overcome by his story. Later, it occured to me that undoubtedly the glow was caused by the rising sun shining on the east windows, but the story moved me deeply.

Running Antelope comes to see me quite often. He has been begging me all summer to use my influence with the agent to get permission to attend a council at Pine Ridge. There he hopes, so he says, to use his powers of persuasion on Red Cloud to prevent the planning of another fight and to help quiet the disturb-

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ing element among his people. My Indians tell me that Red Cloud has been sending word up here all summer trying to persuade our people to join him in an outbreak. He is apparently meeting with little success in spite of the fact that so many of Sitting Bull's old friends and relatives are now at this Agency. I have my doubts as to Running Antelope's motives, but, anyway, the Agent will not let him go, nor anyone else from this Reservation. No good could possibly come from letting such old-timers as Running Antelope and Red Cloud get together so soon after the late trouble.

I know there is still some unrest among certain old chiefs. Grindstone, one of our best men, came to tell me that last week an old Indian was here from Pine Ridge urging the people to return to the old ways. This Indian said that he had had word from the President that the Indians were to begin dancing and go back to the old ways of life immediately. Grindstone told me that he did not put much faith in the story, but he felt it wise to see what I had to say about it.

I asked: "Has the President sent *you* this word?"

"No."

"Well, if the President wished you to do this, wouldn't he also send direct word to you and not just to the Pine Ridge people?"

Grindstone thought it over and went out to tell the others that until he heard directly from Washington, it would be best not to believe such stories. Winona had said so!

Gall also comes to see me. What an immense man he is! He must weigh at least 300 pounds. Gall stopped now to give me a report on a fire that had been raging on the prairie for several days. Since no settlements are in the area, nothing has been destroyed but grass. Gall says that he has just returned from a visit on the Moreau River and that the grass is all burned between the Grand River and the Moreau, and apparently all the way west to the Slim Buttes region. I am afraid that the Indians' cattle will suffer this winter.

And so it goes. Life here takes courage and patience, but it is never dull. ●

WESTERN J.P.

(Continued from page 15)

angle, cut bait, or go ashore. It was when I had outgrown the home nest. I was timid and of a shrinking nature. So were my clothes. At this time I was invited to buy into the farm with the privilege of allowing my wages to go in toward the payment of principal and interest—interest first, then principal, like the motto of a political patriot from New York.

I made a few rapid calculations covering one side and part of one end of the barn, showing that I would have to give up operas, balls, cigars, wine, underwear, summer vacations at Newport, and my club; that I would have to let my beard grow, cover myself with metallic paint, and work very hard all the pleasant weather in the field, and all the bad weather in the barn or cellar. Thus, as crops and prices were, I found that my wages and my own share of the crop would pay the interest and leave a small sum each year which would help to make up the deficiency between the actual cost of the crop and the price received.

I hope I make this entirely clear to the reader.

So I said: "No, I think that farm life, of course, for those who can afford it, is the most independent, the most chaste and lonesome one of which I know; but I am not worthy of it. I am too restless. I am too dependent on my fellow-man. I want to see him and look in his face and catch his reflected sunshine.

I cannot milk a cow a month without drying her up. I cannot impress my own indomitable spirit of push and enterprise upon the hens as some can. I cannot pay for a team each year with gopher pelts as others do. I cannot stack wheat so that all the rain for thirteen miles will not come and run into the very midst of it. I am also too selfish to farm it, and besides, I haven't the money. Give my place to some more worthy man."

There was another thing about it which made it seem imperative that I should go away. Where I lived I was still regarded as a boy. I saw that where I had grown up and been whipped repeatedly I should never be able to secure absolute reverence. There are grizzly persons there now, three-score years old, who have not yet found out that they are men, because the community call them "the boys," and addresses them by their first names, and so they have never shucked their boyhood. Thus the smell and the sound of the battle of life have never been borne to them. They are silver-haired children yet, with big, fat dimpled minds on which the world has made no scar.

So one day, with tears, I turned my back upon the old home, which, although it had made rather a disagreeable specialty of industry, it seemed to me, yet held every element of a good home. Not as a fugitive with bruises and bitterness only to show for the past—that would have been easier—but as a boy whose home had been made always as cheerful for him as circumstances would permit, I plumed my wings for the wild and wooly West.

Securing second-class passage and not knowing exactly whither, just so that it was west, I slept the nights away sitting upright in a coach, and landed finally in a territorial town accompanied by thirty-five cents, with which I desired to aid the flourishing young city in her wonderful growth. I was also associated with a pale yellow trunk which cost three dollars and had been rained on, so that when I landed at Cheyenne the inflated thing peeled.

I cannot think of anything sadder than to be associated with a trunk which has made claims to respectability which it was not able to maintain. This trunk when new had aimed to impress people with the idea that it was a leather trunk, but when adversity came, it surrendered and peeled. When the wall-paper came off it was quite a plain trunk, and those who came in contact with it did not treat it with respect.

I went to the best hotel, registered, and by some strange accident got a pretty good room; but I had to hurry and do it before my trunk got up there. Some would not have gone to the best hotel under such circumstances.

They would also have said that I had no right to do so, but there is another way to look at that. Every hotel runs its business on a basis calculated to make it pay, allowing a percentage for losses in cases of this kind. I have been paying my percentage ever since, and probably paid it also when I paid my bill there several weeks afterward, which I did. But this was the nearest I ever came to being on the dividend side of the ledger of a hotel.

It would take some time to tell how I got the money to pay this bill, and how the lonely little lop-eared, ecru-colored trunk stood there in the baggage-room waiting for the day of its redemption to draw nigh. But suffice it to say that a lucky accident put me in the way of earning ten dollars by copying the minutes of a military court-martial then in session, and a tall Samaritan with wings concealed under the cape of a Chumley overcoat was the means. His name was Remington, and I earnestly hope that he will find, when his life is over, that suitable arrangements have been made for his comfort in heaven.

Later I struck hard pan again, but the idea of despair did not enter my head. There is a general air of picnic and irresponsibility about a new country which certainly goes far to take the sting out of poverty.

Stranded in New York, I would be tempted to fall from some elevated structure, perhaps, or with a shriek of despair

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to throw myself from the prow of some swift ferry-boat into the moaning tide; but where all is new, and where prosperity is ever generous, knowing that swift changes may in a few years or even months darken its own horizon, hope is the most hardy shrub that hangs upon the trellis of the heart.

At that time I fully expected for a few days that I would have to assist in taking care of the Union Pacific Railroad, as a lawyer friend of mine had already done—going to California in considerable style and returning by easy stages as a section hand.

But the opportunity to do reporting at a small salary came to the surface soon after, and I improved it. The salary was not large; it was not oppressive. It was not calculated to canker the soul. By putting handles on it every Saturday evening, I was enabled to carry it home by myself, the distance being short. I used it wisely, not running through it as some would have done. In this way at the end of the year I had two dollars in money and a nice new set of whiskers. I also had acquired a gum overcoat, whose views one could easily get by being thrown in its society for a few minutes on a warm day.

It was at this time that I was chosen by the will of the people to go and sit on the woolsack as Justice of the Peace. I do not quite remember the name of my predecessor, but I think it was Twitter. I know that I trembled for fear that I should not successfully fill his place, and so I used to go over to the penitentiary, where he was stopping for a few years, to get pointers from him as to my course of action.

It strikes me now that his name *was* Twitter. At first I sought to evade the great responsibility, and told the people to search far and wide and that possibly they would find a more worthy man. They went away and were gone quite a long time. Then they came back and said, no, they could not find any one who seemed to be raised up as I was, to lead our people through the doubts and dangers of the coming years, up into the glorious light of peace and prosperity.

I was elected quite vociferously, for the people of the West are a humor-loving people and so entered into the thing with great glee. Therefore, on the first of January I procured a compressed room with a real window in it, through which the glad sunlight and 'most any other medium-sized object came softly stealing. Furnishing this room by means of a little bright red stove and a copy of the Revised Statutes, I was ready to mete out substantial justice to those who would call and examine stock and prices.

It was really pathetic to see the poor little miserable booth where I sat and waited with numb fingers for business. But I did not then see the pathos which clung to every cobweb and darkened the rattling casement. Possibly I did not know enough.

I forgot to say that the office was not a salaried one, but solely dependent upon fees, the county furnishing only the copy of the Revised Statutes and a woolsack, slightly and prematurely bald. So while I was called Judge Nye, and frequently mentioned in the papers with great consideration, I was out of coal about half of the time, and once could not mail my letters for three weeks because I did not have the necessary postage.

Friends in the Eastern States may possibly recall the time when my correspondence, from some unknown cause, seemed to flag. That was the time.

The first business that I had was a marriage ceremony. I met the groom on the street. He asked if I could marry people. I said that I could to a limited extent. He said that he wanted to get married... I asked him to secure the victim, and I would get the other ingredients.

He then wished to know where my office was. It occurred to me at that moment that there was no fire in the stove; also, no coal; also, that the west half of the stove had fallen in during the night. So I said that I would marry them at their home. He maintained that his home was over eighty miles away and that it would consume too much time to go there.

"Where are you stopping at?" I inquired—using the Pike County style of syntax in order to show that I was one of the people.

"Well, we met here, Squire. She come in on the Last Chance stage, and I'm camped up in Gov'ment Canyon, not fur from Soldier Crick. We can go out there, I reckon."

I did not mind the ride, so I locked my office, secured a book of forms, and meeting the young people at the livery stable went out with them and married them in a rambling, desultory sort of way.

The bride was a charmer from Owl Creek, wearing moccasins of the pliocene age. The rich Castilian blood of the cave-dwellers mantled in her cheek along with the navy-blue blood of Connecticut on her father's side. Her hair was like the wing of a raven, and she wore a tiara of clam-shells about her beetling brow. Her bracelet was a costly string of front teeth, selected from the early settlers at the foot of Independence Mountain.

With the shrewdness of a Yankee and the hauteur of the savage she combined the grotesque grammar of Pike County and the charming naivete of the cowpuncher.

She was called Beautiful Snow, but I think it was mostly in a spirit of banter. She was also no longer young. I asked her, with an air of badinage, if she remembered Pizarro, and she replied that she was away from home when he came through. The cave-dwellers were a serious people. Their plumbing was very poor indeed; so also were their jokes.

Her features were rather classic, however, and—I was about to say clean-cut, but on more mature thought I will not say that. Her nose, though, was bright and piercing. It resembled the breast-bone of a sand-hill crane.

The groom was a man of great courage and held human life at a very low figure. That is why he married Beautiful Snow without any flinching; also why I have refrained from mentioning his name; also why I kissed the bride. I did not yearn to kiss her. There were others who had claims on me, but I did not wish to give needless pain to the groom, and so I did it. He had no money, but said that he had a saddle which if I could use I was welcome to. I did not have anything to put the saddle on at home, but rather than return empty-handed, I took it.

It was soon after this that I decided to give my hand in marriage to my present wife. Concluding that I had more poverty than one person was entitled to, I made up my mind to endow some deserving young woman with a part of it. There was really something rather pathetic in the transaction, viewing it from this distance across the level plateau of gathering years. But it did not seem so then.

The sorry office with its hollow-chested wood-box and second-hand stove, red with the rust of time and the rain of heaven, the empty docket, the shy assault and battery, the evasive common drunk, the evanescent homicide, the far-away malice prepense, the long-delayed uxoricide, the widely segregated misdemeanor, the skittish felony—all, all seemed to warn me and admonish me against matrimony, for there were two other justices and they got all the business.

(I was elected fourteen years ago, and it never occurred to me that it was a piece of political humor until last week, when I was thinking over my past life.)

Thus I married, and one evening while the town lay hushed in slumber, and only the mountain zephyr from the grim old Medicine Bow range rustled the new leaves of the quaking aspen and the cottonwood, I moved. Not having any piano or sideboard I did the moving myself. It did not take long.

Later on, the legislature, seeing that the county would have to provide for me in some way, decided to abolish one of the other justices. Then trade picked up. I was also *ex-officio* coroner. I would marry a quick-tempered couple in the morning, sit on the husband in the afternoon, and try the wife in a preliminary way in the evening for the murder. Thus business became more and more brisk.

Sometimes a murderer would escape the grand jury and get lynched, but he

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did not escape me. If I could not try him in life's bright summertime, I could sit on him and preside over his inquest after the lynching. We had considerable excitement, too, in those days, for the town was young and laws were crude. Lawyers were still cruder. I know this because I was admitted to the bar at that time myself.

I rose early each morning while my heart and the dawn were breaking, and while the coyotes sang in the suburbs of the city, I lived on the side facing the cemetery, for rent was cheaper there. In the early dawn a coyote band of soloists used to come over between the cemetery and my 'dobe house and sing. Those who have never heard a coyote's chastened welcome to the jocund day do not know what compressed despair and unavailing regret can be concealed in the wail of a wild animal.

To a man who was doing his own work, and cutting enough jack-pine firewood before breakfast to do for the day, the shrill notes of the coyote, echoing among the gray slabs which marked the lonely resting-places of the dead, were not filled with delicious joy. I judge that the coyote has been politically on the wrong side for three or four thousand years, and that his sorrow has become chronic and his nature soured.

Possibly it is something else, but the bitterness, the diatonic hopelessness and forbidding despair which he gets into one little bar of music would do a good business in the drama if it could be properly staged.

The most attractive day's work that I remember was the preliminary examination of a band of stage-robbers, captured by Sheriff Boswell and a posse in the early morning. I examined them in the forenoon and held a double inquest in the evening on two gentlemen from a tie camp in the mountains. That was my busy day. I think Bronco Sam called that day, also, to be married to Mademoiselle Walk-Around-the-Block. I was too busy to marry him that day, and so he went elsewhere, fearing that if he put it off he might change his mind. Later he shot his wife, and then, blowing out his brains instead of turning them off, he closed his career with the regular red fire and fortissimo bass-drum of the new West.

The stage-robbers had among them the gentlemanly, genial, and urbane Irvin and the brainy but somewhat erratic and felonious "Kid." They were captured by a band of gritty frontiersmen under Sheriff Boswell. Boswell was not a toy frontiersman with long, accordion-plaited hair, tied back with blue ribbon, in which at springtime the swallows come to build their nests and rear their young.

He was a plain, quiet man, with the scars of Indian arrows all over him, the record of an early day when you could not fight Indians by means of a Pullman car. I always admired him because he cut his hair and manicured his nails even in the early days. Boswell was not reckless of human life, and in fact killed very few people, but if a bad man had to be captured and brought to camp in good order, he generally had the job.

Once I heard a shot in the hallway of my place, and going to the porch on the second floor rather cautiously, I saw the rest of the tragedy. Windy Smith had been shot by a gambler whose name I've forgotten, though I had to try his case a day or two afterward. Some shouted, "Take away his gun."

I said, "Yes, certainly, take away his gun." I am not a good hand to remove guns at such a time, but I can direct others. I was born to command.

Then some one yelled, "Lynch him."

A dozen healthy men made a grab for him, but Boswell came along then and took the gentleman home with him. A day or two after, fearing that he would be lynched if brought to my office, I examined him at the courthouse, which also contained the jail.

Reading a charge of wilful murder to him, I asked him to plead, but he said nothing. Then I asked him his reason for killing Smith. He had none. His reason had fled. The scare he got at the time when he expected every moment to be lynched had driven him mad.

These road agents, however, were a picturesque little picnic party. They had probably not slept in a house for two or three years, and they needed repairs. They removed their spurs and piled them up in the corner of the room like a large bed of cactus. Their side-arms and Winchesters made quite a little hardware store on top of my desk.

They were disagreeable men in some respects, and yet they did much to elevate the stage, especially the Rock Creek and Black Hill stages. Irvin was tried finally for some minor felony and got nine years. On top of this, in some way, he was also indicted for murder in the first degree, and got a life-sentence.

The jailer found him in tears afterward, in his cell.

"Why do you weep?" asked the gentle jailer, looking sadly into the uncertain light.

"Because," said the sobbing outlaw, "I shall be so busy serving out my life-sentence that I do not see how in Sam Hill I am going to get time to serve out those nine years for plain robbery."

But incidents of six years' life on the bench would require too much time and space for a short sketch like this, and so I will not add to those given already, except one which will show that courts do not always receive that respect and reverence to which they are entitled.

We had a German *restauranteur* who could cook well, but prosperity over-

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threw his good resolutions, and so about every thirty days he would give way to a taste for the native-grown wines of Kentucky, and he would then start out as a painter and decorator of an otherwise quiet and gentlemanly little town. At such times it became necessary to extend the strong arm of the law, and to issue the ukase for the arrest of Wilhelm in order that the peace and dignity of the Territory might be maintained. After several such arrests, and a fine with its attendant trimmings, Larry Fee, an officer, was again required to take him to the fountainhead of justice.

"Who makes owid dot vorrand?" asked Fischer.

"You will have to go before Judge Nye," said the officer.

"Chudge Nye!" says Fischer. "Chudge Nye! Dot feller dot comes down py der debo fen der drain gomes een? You baid your sweed life he ish no chudge. He looks more like dot beenuts poy on der drain."

At another time I was alone with a criminal called Dirty Murphy. The officer had gone to get witnesses for the prosecution of Murphy on the charge of larceny. I needed some more coal on the fire and I had no valet. The coal was down a flight of stairs in a crypt under the sidewalk. I could not leave D. Murphy alone for fear that he would steal the rapidly cooling stove and fly with it; so I asked him if it would be too much trouble for him to go down and get a hod of coal for me, so that at his trial we could make it warm for him. He said certainly not. I gave him the hod, and although it has been something over thirteen years, he has not yet returned.

On leaving the woolsack to my successor I told him about Dirty Murphy, and said that he was liable at any moment day or night, footsore and weary, to come back, and that it would be a good idea to leave the door ajar for him: but it was not done, and so at this writing I do not know where he is.

Of course, during the six years of my judicial life I met with many reverses, especially at the hands of the Supreme Court, but I am proud to say that during all that trying time I was sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the people even though the higher courts did not sustain and soothe my decisions as I wish they had.

Looking back over those eight years of life in the new West where a State has since blossomed into being, and where the eagle's nest of the snow-capped Rocky Mountains has given place to the mare's nest of doubtful political methods, I am forced to ask myself this question: Is there anything in the way of official triumph and official honor in all this that cannot be attained by most any bright young American?

Certainly not. Patient endeavor, untiring industry, and political purity, coupled with a profound intellect and massive thought works, will surely win in the struggle for preferment, and there is no reason why any young man so equipped who reads these lines may not ultimately rise also to a position as justice of the peace.

Every year, and in fact almost every month, some justice of the peace dies. Who are to fill these places? The young men of the nation. The bright-eyed students and farm hands who are just attaining their majority. Fit yourself, therefore, young man, that you may be able, when the time shall come, to occupy the woolsack thus left vacant by the death of older justices of the peace, and if you do so with credit to yourself I shall feel that this brief bit of autobiography has not been written in vain. ●

Edited and slightly abbrev.; reprinted from Century Magazine (1891).

WHEN HORSES WERE FREE

(Continued from page 25)

of white buffalo hunters watched in puzzlement as a group of Comanches went about the business of adding to their string of horses. The two white men would have called the Indians anything but scientific.

Early one morning the buffalo hunters had heard guttural sounds near their camp. Peering through the brush, they spied six Comanches standing at the edge of a large meadow yelling and waving bright colored blankets at a large herd of wild mustangs only 200 yards distant. Few of the horses as much as raised their heads from grazing. One of the hunters was related to the tribe by marriage and on friendly terms with these Indians. So the next day, full of curiosity, the hunters approached two of the Comanches and inquired as to just what they had been doing the previous day. The taciturn Comanches would reveal little except to say that they were in the process of capturing the herd of 500 wild horses—had been working on the project for three weeks, in fact.

The buffalo hunters reacted with sharp eagerness. Maybe they could add horse-catching to hide harvesting if they found an extra clever way to carry it off! The next day they made a present of two pounds of special twist tobacco to the two Indians who, in turn, brought them up to date on their horse-catching methods, promising to reveal each consecutive step. Needless to say, they had the white men hanging on for their every word.

When first the Comanches sighted the vast herd, one of the Indians related, they made soft noises so that the skitterish horses would not explode into flight. For seven days they had simply followed the herd so that the horses would get used to them. Now, as the buffalo hunters noted, the Comanches had reached the stage where they were yelling and jumping in sight of the herd. This was to let the horses know, or at least believe, that the Indians were all bark, but no bite—that the horses wouldn't be harmed by them.

After twelve days the Comanches figured it was time to move in for the capture. While the herd was being pacified by a few of the Indians, the majority of the tribe had been busily constructing a long corral in a box canyon, and now the herd was maneuvered into the vicinity of the corral entrance. At daybreak the herd, having been entirely surrounded during the night, was driven and stampeded into the corral. Except for eight of the mustangs which had been maimed in the crush, the entire herd was taken and each horse broken for use. And the Indians, remembering the two pounds of mouth-watering twist tobacco, explained how the equines were trained.

At first the mustang was lassoed. As he fought the rawhide rope, the noose closed ever tighter around his neck, cutting off his wind. Finally he would collapse and fall to the ground, unable to breathe. His captor would quickly hobble his front feet, then loosen the noose. More rebellion. More noose tightening.

Finally, when the wily mustang was weak, dazed and with very little fight left in him, the captor would approach him hand over hand on the lasso. The getting acquainted process involved blowing in the horse's face, rubbing his head with a hand, laying a blanket over his back, and the captor raising himself off the ground with elbows over the horse's back.

A very effective control was the use of a small thin rawhide, practically a string. It was looped around the nose then up behind the ears and down the other side of the halter—forming a deadly noose-type loop. Certain nerves of the horse are put under great strain with a simple tug of this device, facilitating the final task of domesticating the wild animal.

In the hands of a capable captor it

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was truly amazing how brief a period was required for a mustang to make the transition from a creature who ran like the wind in wide open spaces, to a responsive, faithful servant of man. There was actually a case on record where an Indian once captured a mustang and three hours later used this horse in wild pursuit and capture of another mustang for his son. ●

SHOOTING ON ROLLING M

(Continued from page 33)

Baker's cattle case came up first. It was a hard fought case and lasted five days. The jury came in with a guilty verdict. They then drew a new jury and started Baker's furniture case.

Fox knew that Baker was already guilty on one charge, so he then went all the way out to get Baker, testifying to things no one knew anything about. The furniture case had been going on for two days and was looking bad for Baker. His attorney thought it best to stop the case and plead guilty, hoping to get a lighter sentence and if possible get the arson charge dropped. So they stopped the trial and recessed the court until 10 o'clock the next day. Baker pleaded guilty, and was sentenced on two counts of grand larceny for a term of three to six years, and was committed to the Montana State Penitentiary on February 19, 1927. He was paroled on August 17, 1930. All charges were dropped against John Fox.

After the trial Fox went back home for a short while. He then sold his homestead to the Madador Cattle Company and went up to Zortman, where he bought Mrs. Anna Heath's restaurant. While running it, he did some bootlegging on the side. Fox was a man that had many run-ins with the law all during his life. He would rather move in close to trouble than to try to keep away from it. Zortman was a hot place for him to start up in business, for his friends were few and far between around that part of the country, but Baker was still thought a lot of around Zortman.

Fox had been running his restaurant for a few months, when Buster Hienel met an old friend by the name of Donald Jones who mostly went by the name of Blackie Jones. Buster and Jones wanted to have a few drinks and talk over old times, which they put in most of the day doing. They finally ended up at Fox's joint where love was not very thick at no time, and drank there most of the night.

I don't think there were any arguments up till then, but the next morning they went back and seemed to have gotten into a quarrel. I don't know if Fox put them out or if they went out, but there was a scuffle on the porch, in which Fox shot Jones and killed him dead. He kept right on shooting, but Buster had ducked hot lead many times before and made his escape once more. Some time that day the sheriff came out to bring Fox to jail where he stayed from October to the first part of January when court was set.

He could not get any one to go his bond. His case was tried and the jury found him guilty of second degree murder. He was sentenced to ten years and entered the Montana State Penitentiary in January, 1928. He hired John Tressler, a good attorney, who called in George Hurd from Great Falls to help on the case. It was the first murder case that I knew of that Tressler ever lost, and he had sure defended a lot of men in his time.

Well, Fox and Baker got to meet once more, this time at the State prison. But they never did speak; they were very cold towards each other, and they both knew that, if and when they ever got out and met outside, there would be a big settlement to be made between them.

A couple of years after Fox was sent up, Buster Hienel was accidentally shot by his own gun on the front step or porch of Kellerman's Store. He was unloading some furniture from his truck. In picking up some of it, he knocked the gun from out of his holster and the gun, falling on the grip with barrel pointing up, went off, killing Buster almost instantly. Of all the shooting scrapes that he had been in, it was unbelievable that Buster had to shoot himself with his own gun. He must have been in his sixties at the time of his death.

Baker served about two years and six months and was then paroled. I don't think anybody ever figured Baker a criminal, for they put him right out on the ranch taking care of and herding the milk cows.

After his conviction and sentencing it was about a week before they took him away. I and others would go up to see him. Sometimes the sheriff would say he will not be here when we want out and would give the keys to Baker, telling him to hang on to them until he (the sheriff) got back, after letting us out of the jail.

So they had trust in him, which didn't surprise me. When he got released, he worked for Phillips for a while. The day before I left that country, I met Baker on the street in Malta. He said that he

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was in town to fix up some papers on a piece of land out south of Malta, a contract for deed on one piece and a lease on some other land. He said he had made arrangements to buy nineteen hundred ewes and wanted me to go in with him, or else stay and help for a year. He could not believe that I was leaving, and begged me to stay and help him. He said he was getting up in years, but still wanted to build up another ranch.

I knew for sure he could, if time did not take up on him too soon. His credit was always good.

He told me he was hanging up his gun and was not carrying it any more. I can't say if he did or not. We put in a lot of years together and got along well. I will always think he was the wrong man that went to prison. To me he was never very far from the guilty party.

The last time that I saw Baker was when I left Malta. We shook hands and said goodbye. A few years after I last saw him I got word of his death. I never heard for sure what the cause was.

I also heard that Fox got released from prison, but did not live long after he was out. I don't know what caused his death, if any more than old age. ●

HEARTS YEARNED FOR HOME

(Continued from page 39)

ing their people, urging them on to the beloved Yellowstone land where they were sure they'd be safe. In spite of the weariness, though, there was comfort; the supply problem—except in ammunition—was eased. There was more meat now, and hides for moccasins and lodge covering. Their leaders, too, had shown their mettle. Twice, U.S. troops had been skillfully repulsed. And by clever concealment of their tracks they had made it hard for the troops to keep up.

On September 17, however, a still bigger fight loomed ahead. Troops were approaching from the Arkansas River, toward which the band was heading. The soldiers had been joined by many civilians. Soon the Indians found themselves surrounded on a ridge. The whites charged, circling the ridge and firing wildly. But at nightfall they withdrew.

In the morning the fight began again. Meanwhile the Cheyennes had slipped away to some broken hills better suited for defense. They had dug rifle pits and armed a few sharpshooting women with guns and bows. As the whites advanced in line of skirmish Little Wolf toured his defense.

"Let no one fire yet," he cautioned. "They have wagons of ammunition and we have little. Keep down and wait." Forty wagons were drawn up in line behind the front.

The warriors were jumpy; the enemy seemed so numerous. But they held their fire as Little Wolf had requested until the soldiers were almost upon them. Then a volley felled one trooper and forced the rest to hit the dirt.

Twenty troopers, however, slipped back to their horses and attempted to circle behind the hills. But Little Wolf, spotting the move, launched an attack that quickly routed the detachment. At this a general panic broke out, and Dull Knife made use of it to rout the whole command with a headlong charge.

The cowboys were engulfed in the rout. These vehos weren't soldiers; they were out to kill merely for kicks. As they fled the women shouted taunts. "Go back to your mothers!" they screamed. "Tell them the bad Indians scared you and now they must wash your pants!"

At night the band stole away as quickly as they could pack. Part of their load was a box of cartridges left behind by the soldiers. The day after the fight the band met up with a party of buffalo hunters who, seeing the odds against them, obligingly gave up their rifles and ammunition (Little Wolf again had ordered "No killing unless they resist"). The Indians also picked up some buffalo meat before continuing their forced march to the Arkansas River. They crossed it—and later the Santa Fe railroad—the night of September 23, near Fort Dodge.

By now the military was thoroughly aroused. From the 3rd, 4th and 7th Cavalry, and the 4th, 9th and 14th Infantry, some 2,000 troops were called out. General Crook, commanding the Department of the Platte, concentrated all available men along the Union Pacific line, the second planned roadblock. (The first, though weaker, was to be the Kansas Pacific.) At Fort Dodge, Colonel W.H. Lewis vowed immediate action.

The band was now camped amid some canyons on Punished Woman Creek. They were tired; the past fortnight had been an ordeal, and they needed to rest. The weather was pleasant; the balm of delightful early autumn was at its height. This spot was favorable for defense, the best they would find for the next 300 miles. For the first time they relaxed a little, with dancing and games, and no effort was made to conceal campfires. It was pointless, anyway.

But those soldiers, implacable foes of the Cheyennes in their quest for the old life, were on the march. On September 28, lookouts reported a large force following the winding tracks. Immediately warriors entrenched themselves behind some breastworks while women and children found shelter in brush-filled draws. In a narrow passage between two bluffs through which the enemy had to approach, an ambush of rifle-pits was set.

"Let them all go past you, wagons too," said Little Wolf to the ambushers, "then fire to stampede."

A party of Indian scouts led the advance while behind them Colonel Lewis rode jauntily at the head of his troops. Little Wolf watched them closely through the binoculars picked up at Turkey Springs. One young warrior couldn't wait. He fired off a wild shot which alarmed the command and sent it scrambling to the top of a bluff above the ambush. From there, they and the scouts below poured a crossfire.

Covered by a reckless, whooping charge—the riders clinging to their horses' sides—the ambushers drew back. The charge was repulsed, but luckily smoke veiled the riders and only one Cheyenne fell. Three soldiers, however, also fell.

The troops reassembled. Then they charged along the bluff toward a half-circle of rifle-pits which guarded the draw concealing the women. The Cheyennes fought back furiously, but ammunition was too low to risk another sortie.

The soldiers (19th Infantry) abruptly halted to dismount. A detachment led the horses back to the safety of the corralled wagons. Now one company started a circular movement toward the vital draw. Suddenly these men spotted the Cheyenne herd of loaded pack horses. The soldiers poured in a heavy fire, killing some horses, stampeding others, and scattering the precious loads. But worse still, their fire soon threatened the women and children.

Now the warriors, who had slowly withdrawn to the half-circle of rifle-pits, were almost surrounded. They couldn't afford much firing, but Little Wolf was hard put to keep them from it. At last, when the enemy was dangerously close, the chief said, "Now fire and let every shot bring down a man."

The chief was at his fighting best. Years later a Cheyenne who had taken part said, "Little Wolf did not seem like a human being: he seemed like an animal—a bear. He seemed not to know fear."

At the warriors' volley more whites fell. The rest retired, and the fight was over. Among their dead was Colonel Lewis, killed in that final volley.

At night the band packed up and moved, quickly as always. Their big loss, aside from two men killed, was 17 dead horses and much valuable baggage which had to be left. The impetuous brave who had spoiled the ambush wandered off

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and was never seen again.

The band travelled fast, sometimes at night. The heat was on and they knew it. Actually, the first roadblock was being set along the Kansas Pacific rail line. Colonel Mauck, who had replaced Lewis, was coming down Sappa Creek and other forces were also converging. But the Cheyennes slipped through this trap as if it hadn't been there.

Now they were approaching the Sappa where, three years before, many Cheyennes had been cut down in a senseless slaughter. The memory rankled; it was still another item in the catalogue of atrocities. The band was weary and many had fallen from sickness and exhaustion. Now they began killing settlers for the supplies and horses they so desperately needed. But only men—unlike the veho, they would not harm women and children. And when the number reached the total of those dead at the Sappa, the killing ceased.

Mauck finally caught up near Beaver Creek, but pulled back when he saw how strong a position the Cheyennes were in for defense. Next day—on October 1—troops again were sighted along Frenchman Creek, but these also were wary of attack. Doggedly, the band pushed on to cross the South Platte near the town of Ogallala on October 4. Soon afterwards they plodded quietly across the UP tracks, the supposed second line of interception.

The press erupted in a storm of protest. Two roadblocks had fizzled, now these redskins had outwitted even General Crook, the Army's most noted Indian fighter. Apparently, no force could corral this little band, whom the papers, with all the myopia of the era, referred to as "bloody murderers."

At this point a disagreement arose between Dull Knife and Little Wolf. The band had paused at White Tail Creek for a much-needed rest. Dull Knife was resentful of Little Wolf who, all along, had seemed the stronger leader.

"We cannot keep on running like this," he said. "Our people are exhausted, soldiers are ahead, and winter is coming. Let us join Red Cloud on his reservation. The Sioux will shelter us, and the vehos will stay away."

Little Wolf's stern, pock-marked face clouded in anger.

"I say we cannot trust vehos anywhere!" he shouted. "We set out for the Yellowstone, our old country, only days ago. I am going there anyway."

The argument continued, but now it was clear that the band was divided. Next morning Dull Knife and his followers were gone. But they left behind a small gift of fast-dwindling ammunition.

Mauck had given up, but Major Thornburgh, from Crook's command, took up the chase with fresh enthusiasm. Soon, though, he was hopelessly lost in a maze of soapweed and cactus-dotted sand hills. Rations were low and water lower. Moreover, he had repeatedly been duped by cleverly-laid decoy tracks. At last he, too, had to give up.

Little Wolf and his following—which included most of the younger warriors—continued toward their goal. A bitter, punishing winter, though, loomed just ahead, and he decided to ride it out in a camp on Lost Chokecherry Creek, south of the Niobrara River.

He had no choice. No people, however heroic, could have battled through in the same circumstances. Elk here were plentiful, and in the sheltered little valley his band of 126 persons weathered the snow and icy cold. Their hideout was never discovered.

All along, Dull Knife had hoped for help from Red Cloud, his old Sioux ally. But Red Cloud could offer none. He sent Dull Knife a message that he was a prisoner, and sanctuary for others on his reservation could not be promised. He advised submission to the all-powerful whites. Sadly, Dull Knife gathered his people and led them on, not knowing exactly whither. One thing he was sure of, they would never turn back.

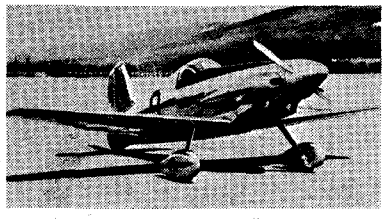
It was on October 23rd that they bumped into Captain J.B. Johnson, with two troops of 3rd Cavalry, at Chadron Creek. A wild snowstorm had struck, along with fierce cold, and the ragged band were a pitiful sight as they crept shivering through the snow.

It took two days—and the threat of a field-piece—to convince them the game was up.

"We are coming home to our old agency," Dull Knife had insisted.

But the odds were hopeless. The most bitter pill of all, though, was the feeling that Sioux scouts had betrayed them. After the surrender their guns and horses were taken and the people were searched—but not too well. Among their rags, parts of 10 rifles and 6 pistols had been cunningly concealed, some as ornaments or playthings for the children. A wagon train drove up and women and children were piled in for the 25-mile ride to Fort Robinson. Good treatment there was promised, and no forced return south. But what were veho promises?

At Fort Robinson the band of 130 were lodged in a single barracks, with no barred windows nor locked doors. The promise of good treatment was kept—for a while. They were fed well and provided with blankets. Also, they were given the freedom of the post—even allowed to roam outside and hunt small game. Officers' wives were kind to the women and children. The fate of all, they were told, would be decided later, in Washington. But meanwhile these people were as determined as always. They never would go back to the misery of



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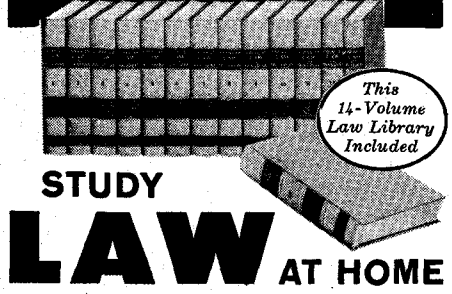

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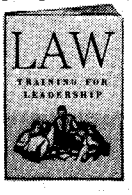

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Darlington, where life had been hateful.

A council was held in barracks at which Dull Knife, facing Captain H.W. Wessels, post commander, said, "Tell the Great Father that if he lets us stay here, Dull Knife's people will harm no one. Tell him that if he tries to send us back, we will butcher each other with our own knives."

Freedom depended on their not attempting an escape. But one day Bull Hump, who had a wife among the Sioux, slipped away to join her. Immediately Captain Wessels ordered confinement in barracks for all. Then, on January 3, came the final blow; they were told they would be sent back to Darlington.

To this they replied that they would rather die!

To face the 700-mile trek back seemed preposterous even to Wessels. Now the press, in a switch, rose in protest throughout the country. It was January and the thermometer hovered near zero. Few of the band would ever make it through—white hearts were touched. But Wessels had his orders. Their rations, fuel and even water, he announced, would be cut off until they agreed. Clearly, their ordeal would now be grimmer than ever.

For six days they stood it, hungering, suffering with thirst and with no fire to combat the biting cold.

Mothers clutched their shivering children. Hope seemed ended. But there was no thought of surrender—hearts were strong. Here in this Hell death might end their torment, but this fate also they would not accept passively—if death came, they would die fighting. Carefully, deliberately, they began to plan a breakout. They knew the country. Once outside they would find their way around.

There was a bright moon on the night of January 23, just like the moon on that night in September when they fled from Darlington. Now the firearms, (5 rifles, 10 pistols), all hidden under the wooden floor, were reassembled. Parfleches were piled under the windows to aid escape.

Little Shield, the top Elk soldier, was to go first. At the other end, Little Finger Nail would be next. Then the 44 men, equally divided, armed with almost nothing.

At 10 o'clock they broke out. One shot from Little Shield's party felled a guard. (Incredibly, Wessels had posted only a few). Then three shots, and two more guards fell. Quickly, their rifles were scooped up.

The garrison sprang to action. Soldiers poured from their barracks, most of them in underwear. Their rifles barked as the Cheyennes burst from their prison. Now warriors began falling, too.

Men, women and children ran through the snow toward the frozen White River, half a mile away, as five Dog Soldiers stayed behind to cover the escape. For their heroism, four quickly paid with their lives. Tangle Hair, the fifth, lay wounded.

Before reaching the river, 15 more—men, women and even children—were gunned down. The wounded were later killed where they lay, most of them by civilians who joined the chase. These traders, packers and scouts stripped bodies of their last rags of clothing. Their savagery was beyond words.

At some pools on the ice-bound river, a few Cheyennes stopped to quench their burning thirst. Some broke through, but in shallow water. On the far side, the band headed for a high bluff too steep for mounted pursuers. There, on top, they were safe for a while, but the toll had been ghastly! Next morning, 30 bodies were brought in to the post, 21 of them warriors who had died to protect their loved ones. They also gleaned 35 live prisoners.

Previously messengers from Little Wolf had left a cache of food atop the bluff. It wasn't much, but it would help them keep going. That night they covered 17 miles in sub-zero cold.

In the melee, a small group including Dull Knife got separated from the others.

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This group hid in caves and then dodged pursuers all the way to Pine Ridge Agency, where the reluctant Red Cloud at last granted haven.

Now five companies of cavalry under Captain Wessels set out after the remaining 34 people, led now by Little Finger Nail. The chase wound northwest through an icy wilderness of Bad Lands. Twice the troops were halted by ambushes, and there were more casualties. Increasingly, the military was made to look inept, and reinforcements were called in from Fort Laramie.

The end, though, was drawing near. Harried, almost dropping from exhaustion and cold, the band pushed on in their last bid for freedom. Meat from slain cavalry horses was their only food. Finally, on the 13th day, they had to pause for rest.

They had found a cave-like depression in bluffs near Warbonnet Creek. The place did offer a meager protection. But soldiers soon closed in from three sides and the hole became a trap. Wessels then demanded a surrender. Again, it was refused. Now troopers swarmed to the edges and poured in a murderous fire to which the Indians, short of ammunition, could reply only feebly.

Only seven women and children survived the attack. Of these only two were unwounded. At the first volley three braves leaped unarmed from the hole in a last, futile gesture of defiance. Three men against 300!

There, 40 miles from Fort Robinson, was the tragic end of the 750-mile flight. All that human hearts could endure had led finally to the Last Hole. No heroism was ever greater. And these redmen had refrained from killing any white person until the first Cheyenne was killed.

In all the fighting, 11 soldiers lost their lives. Cheyenne losses were 64 dead, 78 captured and 7 (including Dull Knife) missing.

When spring came Little Wolf's wandering ended just short of the Yellowstone goal. There he was met by Lieutenant "White Hat" Clark, the only white man Cheyennes trusted. (At the White River fight, Clark had shown particular mercy for the wounded). Now, with the help of Two Moons, a Cheyenne who had surrendered long before, Little Wolf was persuaded to come to Fort Keogh. Then Clark's arguments, supported by public feeling, at last prevailed. This remnant of the band that fled Darlington was given land along the Tongue River, where their descendants live today.

Some weeks before, Little Wolf had visited Dull Knife at the Pine Ridge reservation. Urgently, he had pleaded for Dull Knife to join him.

"No, my brother," the old chief answered, "I have given my word to Red Cloud not to leave here."

Later, through the efforts of General Miles, he, too, was allowed to move to the Tongue River reservation, a wholesome place and part of the old home.

These Northern Cheyennes added a glorious chapter to the epic of the red man's fight against injustice. And actually they won their fight, even if it was only a Pyrrhic victory. Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce had also fought nobly and well, though ending up with less. But Joseph had twice the number of warriors and fewer troops to oppose. The Cheyennes fought and won four actual battles, with only six warriors killed, and they had used their scanty ammunition with great skill. In feat of arms as well as heroism they were unsurpassed.

However, the buffalo was gone, and the old Cheyenne way of life was gone, too. On their reservation this noble tribe gradually sank into apathy. They were wards of the government, unable to adapt to the white man's ways. They could not bridge the gap between the old and the new, and faced a reality as painful in its way as was their terrible flight from Darlington. But at least they had come home! ●

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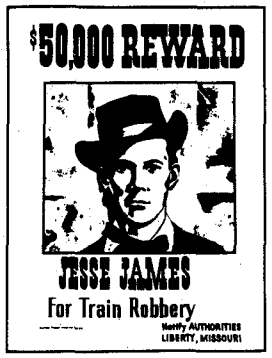

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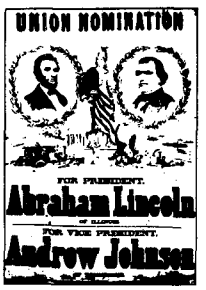

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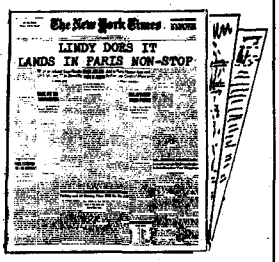

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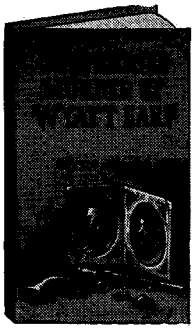

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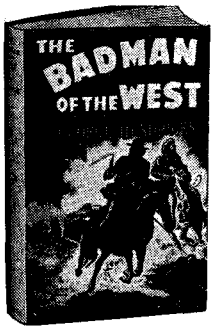

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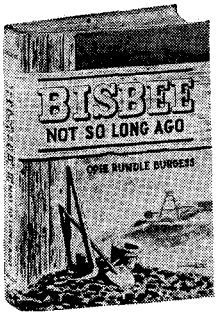

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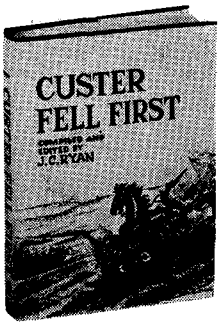

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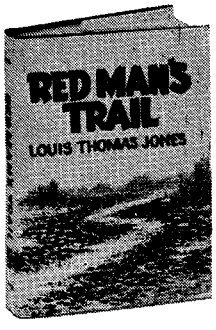

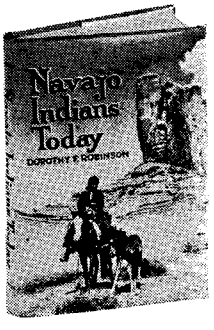

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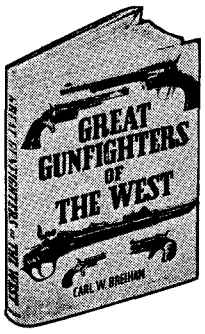

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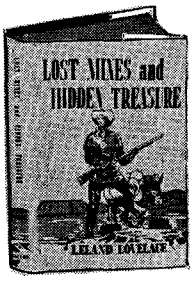

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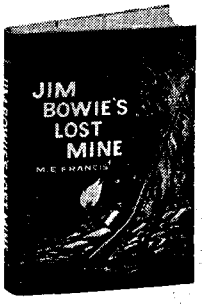

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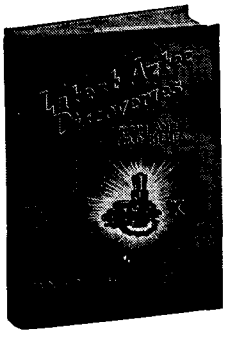

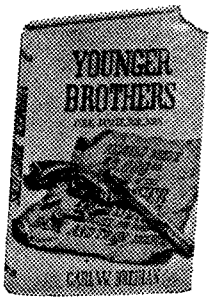

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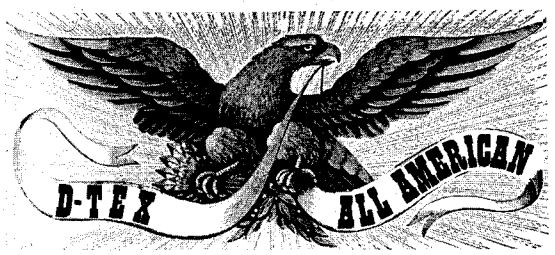

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